DAVID O. SELZNICK

presents

INGRID BERGMAN

and

GREGORY PECK

in

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

" S P E L L - B O U N D "

with

MICHAEL CHEKHOV	LEO G. CARROLL
RHONDA FLEMING	JOHN EMERY
Norman Lloyd	Bill Goodwin
Stephen Geray	Donald Curtis
Wallace Ford	Art Baker
Regis Toomey	Paula Harvey

Suggested by the Novel
"The House of Dr. Edwardes"
by
Francis Beeding

Adaptation
by
Angus MacPhail

Screen Play
by
BEN HECHT

Photographed by . . . . . George Barnes, A.S.C.

Music by . . . . . .Milos Rozsa

Art Direction . . . . . James Basevi

Associate Art Direction . . . . . John Ewing

Supervising Film Editor . . . . . Hal C. Kern

Associate Film Editor . . . . . William H. Ziegler

Production Assistant . . . . . .Barbara Keon

Special Effects by . . . . . .Jack Cosgrove

Interior Decoration by . . . . . .Emile Kuri

Assistant Director . . . . . .Lowell J. Farrell

Recorder . . . . . .Richard de Weese

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Dream Sequence Designed
by
SALVADOR DALI

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Psychiatric Advisor

May E. Romm, M.S., M.D.

Directed by

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

"SPELLBOUND"

Over a long shot of the exterior of Green Manors, a fairly conventional large country house in Vermont, the following title is superimposed:

TITLE: THE FAULT IS NOT IN OUR STARS, BUT IN OURSELVES....
-Shakespeare

LAP DISSOLVE:

The title continues, superimposed over a close shot of the entrance doors to Green Manors:

TITLE: THERE IS A NEW MEDICAL SCIENCE IN THE WORLD WHICH USES NEITHER DRUGS NOR SURGERY. IT IS CALLED PSYCHOANALYSIS AND TREATS ONLY THE EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF THE SANE.

THE ANALYST SEEKS ONLY TO INDUCE THE PATIENT TO TALK ABOUT HIMSELF, TO OPEN THE LOCKED DOORS OF HIS MIND AND REVEAL THE HIDDEN THINGS THAT ARE DISTURBING HIM. ONCE THESE ARE INTERPRETED, THE ILLNESS AND CONFUSION OF THE PATIENT DISAPPEAR.

OUR STORY DEALS WITH METHODS BY WHICH MODERN SCIENCE DRIVES THE DEVILS OF UNREASON OUT OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

DISSOLVE TO:

1 INT. CORRIDOR OF GREEN MANORS. SEMI-LONG SHOT. DAY.

A man in shirt sleeves emerges from a door in the long corridor and moves down until he ultimately reaches another door. He bends toward the door handle.

2 CLOSEUP

We now see the reason for the man's attitude. The screen is filled with the man's hand turning an already inserted key in the lock. The door swings open.

3 SEMI-LONG SHOT. SHORTER CORRIDOR

The man, who we now see is an attendant, comes through the open door and locks it after him. He proceeds down a shorter corridor and reaches another door. He again bends down with his key, opens the door, goes through.

4 INT. DRAWING ROOM. SEMI-LONG SHOT. DAY.

This is a very comfortable lounge, more or less like one in a hotel. A dozen or more patients sit around. They are playing cards, listening to the radio, sewing. Several of them sit in katatonic postures, staring. There is a nurse at each end of the room.

As the attendant enters the room and locks the door after him, one of the nurses turns in his direction.

5 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The attendant waits for a nurse to approach him.

Harry
Dr. Peterson would like to see Miss Carmichael.

Nurse
(turning toward a group playing cards)
Miss Carmichael, please.

6 SEMI-LONG SHOT

A group of women who are playing cards. They look up. One of them, a woman of thirty, is more attentive than the rest. She is thin, thyroidic, and aristocratic looking.

Nurse's Voice
Dr. Petersen is ready for you.

7 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Miss Carmichael rises. She speaks to her Rummy partner:

Miss Carmichael (a very "social" voice)
Awf'ly sorry, I have to go. Had a perfect hand. Would have beaten the pants off you.

8 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The nurse and the attendant; their eyes on Miss Carmichael. CAMERA PULLS BACK and PANS RIGHT to Harry and Nurse as Carmichael goes to door in b.g.

Nurse
Harry will take you, Miss Carmichael.

Miss Carmichael
Oh, thank you.

Nurse (quietly to Attendant)
Watch her carefully. Don't take your eyes off her.

Harry nods and walks to Miss Carmichael at door.

9 INT. CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT - DAY.

Inside the corridor the couple move away from us. The Attendant bends over with his key once more.

10 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The couple pass through the door. Harry, the Attendant, relocks it.

11 CLOSEUP

A BIG HEAD of Miss Carmichael as she looks down at Harry.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to see them move off down the short corridor to the next locked door. Harry bends again to insert his key. They both pass through.

12 SEMI-CLOSEUP

They come on the other side of the door and Harry bends to lock it. Miss Carmichael looks down at him.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Harry straightens up. They both come towards the CAMERA which MOVES AHEAD of them.

Miss Carmichael (softly)
How are you today, Harry?

Harry
Fine.

Miss Carmichael
You look a little bilious.

Harry
(blandly - he is used to everything)
It's the light.

Miss Carmichael (softly)
I worry about you, dear.

Harry
I'll be all right.

Miss Carmichael
Must we dash in to Dr. Petersen's office? Can't we go sit down somewhere in private and talk. Just you and I.

Harry (brusquely)
Love it. If I had time.

Miss Carmichael
(clinging to him suddenly)
Would you?

They arrive at a door marked 'Dr. Petersen.' Harry throws it open.

13. INT. DOCTOR PETERSEN'S OFFICE - SEMI-CLOSEUP - DAY.

Miss Carmichael enters as Harry stand behind her, holding the door. She becomes suddenly haughty.

Miss Carmichael
You ruined a very interesting card game, Dr. Petersen.

14 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM MISS CARMICHAEL'S VIEWPOINT we see Doctor Petersen sitting behind a desk at the other side of the room. She is a woman just under thirty, slightly austere and a bit arrogant looking. She takes off her glasses as she looks up. She has a professional voice.

Constance
You may go now, Harry.

15 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Harry closes the door.

Harry
I'll be outside.

Miss Carmichael remains standing.

15-A SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance Petersen rises and puts a cigarette in a long holder. She lights it as she moves around the desk.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING the two women.

Constance
I hope you feel better today, Mary.

Constance seats herself on a chair at the head of the couch.

16 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Miss Carmichael (a sneerer)
Well, I don't.

Constance (smiling)
You will.

Miss Carmichael
I think this whole thing is ridiculous.

Constance (quietly)
What whole thing, Mary?

16 CONTINUED (2)

Miss Carmichael
Psychoanalysis. It bores the pants off me. Lying on a couch like some dreary nit-wit, telling all!
(she glares at Constance and speaks with highty-tighty sarcasm)
You don't really expect to get anywhere listening to me babble about my idiotic childhood! Really! Why not just feel the bumps on my head and be done with it.

Constance (calmly)
My patients invariably regard me as a wretched nuisance - during our first talks.

Miss Carmichael (sarcastic still)
But - as we go along - you improve.

Constance
You do. You will lose your fear of me and of the truth - at the same time. At the moment, you are desperately defending the secrets that have made you ill.

Miss Carmichael
I see. It's my subconscious putting up a fight! It doesn't want me cured!

Constance
Exactly. It wants to continue enjoying your disease. Our job is to make you understand why. When you know why you are doing something that is bad for you - and when you first started doing it - then you can begin curing yourself.

Miss Carmichael lies down on the couch.

Miss Carmichael
You mean I've been telling you lies.

Constance
(sitting at the head of the couch)
The usual proportion.

17 CLOSEUP

Miss Carmichael lies back. THE CAMERA MOVES IN to a BIG HEAD.

Miss Carmichael
(suddenly - as she stares at the ceiling)
You're right. I've been lying like mad. I hate men. I loathe them. When one of them so much as touches me, I want to sink my teeth into his hand and bite it off. In fact, I did that once. Would you care to hear about it?
(she looks across to Constance)

18 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance from HER VIEWPOINT.

Constance
Tell me anything you remember.

19 CLOSEUP

Miss Carmichael continues thoughtfully:

Miss Carmichael
We were dancing. He kept asking me to marry him - panting in my ear. And I suddenly pretended I was going to kiss him - and sank my teeth into his mustache. I bit it - clear off.

THE CAMERA WHIPS BACK to INCLUDE the two women as Miss Carmichael suddenly sits up and turns on Constance in a voice filled with rage.

Miss Carmichael
You're laughing at me! That smug, frozen face of yours doesn't take me in!

Constance moves over to her desk to press a button as Miss Carmichael rants on.

Miss Carmichael
You just want me to tell you all this so you can feel superior to me! You and your drooling science! I detest you!

She picks up a book and flings it at Constance. It strikes her shoulder and falls to the desk. Constance pulls her glasses out of the way to prevent the book falling on them.

Miss Carmichael
I never want to see that nasty face of yours again!

There is a pause as Constance stands facing Miss Carmichael. Her manner is calm. She looks at the raging patient aloofly - and makes no attempt to interrupt her. Miss Carmichael begins to sob hysterically.

Miss Carmichael
You frozen puss! What do you know about anything? I can't bear you! You and your nickel's worth of nothing!

There is the sound of a door opening. Constance looks up as Miss Carmichael turns.

20 SEMI-LONG SHOT

The door has opened and Harry, the Attendant, enters. The figure of a newcomer, Doctor Fleurot, a man of forty, remains in the doorway. Harry MOVES PAST THE CAMERA.

21 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Harry enters the scene as Constance gestures to Miss Carmichael with her long holder.

Harry takes Miss Carmichael's arm and says softly:

Harry
Come on, Miss Carmichael.

THE CAMERA PANS THEM to the door as she goes with him, her sobs lessening.

Miss Carmichael
The silly fool! Letting a creature like that worry me! Miss Frozen-puss!
(she sees Fleurot)
Oh - Dr. Fleurot! I want to talk to you - alone - I can't stand that woman!

Fleurot
I'll see you later, Mary.

Harry
Come, Miss Carmichael.

Harry escorts her through the door, closing it after him. Doctor Fleurot comes into the room. He crosses to where Constance remains calm but intent. He seats himself on the edge of the desk, facing her.

22 SEMI-CLOSEUP - THE TWO

Fleurot (smiling at her)
Murchison must be really out of his mind to assign Carmichael to you.

Constance (stiffly)
We're getting along very well. Her resistances are extremely interesting.

Fleurot (amused)
My dear girl - you're not fit to handle that sort of case.

Constance (stiffly)
You may report your findings to the new head when he arrives.

CONTINUED:

22 CONTINUED (2)

Fleurot
Stop bristling like a pin cushion. I'm not criticizing your ability - but your personality. You can't treat a love veteran like Carmichael without some inside information.

Constance
I have done a great deal of research on emotional problems and love difficulties.

Fleurot
Research, my eye! If you read your head off for fifty years - you'll still be a scientist up a tree.

Constance
I see. You have some other course of instruction to suggest.

Fleurot
Most definitely! I've been watching your work for six months. It's brilliant - but lifeless. There's no intuition in it. You approach all your problems with an ice pack on your head.

Constance
Are you making love to me?

Fleurot
I will in a moment. I'm just clearing the ground first. I'm trying to convince you that your lack of human and emotional experience is bad for you - as a doctor. And fatal for you as a woman.

Constance
I've heard that argument from a number of amorous psychiatrists - who all wanted to make a better doctor of me.

He moves from his position on the edge of the desk and seats himself beside her on the arm of her chair.

Fleurot
Ah, but I've got a much better argument. I'm terribly fond of you.

Constance (coolly)
Why?

Fleurot (putting his arm around her)
It's very much like embracing a text book.

Constance
But why do you do it?

Fleurot
Because you're not a text book. You're a sweet pulsing, adorable woman - underneath. I sense it every time I come near to you.

CONTINUED:

22 CONTINUED (3)

Constance
You sense only your own desires and pulsations. I assure you - mine in no way resemble them.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as he bends his head toward her.

Fleurot
(his face close to her - softly)
Stop it.
(he holds her more tightly)
I'm mad about you.

She stares at him. He kisses her intensely. He holds it for a few seconds and then draws away. Constance remains quite unperturbed. He looks at her with a frown.

Fleurot
I'm afraid I'm boring you.

THE CAMERA RECEDES as the tension relaxes.

Constance (coolly)
No. Your attitudes are very interesting.

Fleurot
I feel exactly like Miss Carmichael. I'd like to throw a book at you - but I won't.
(he stares at her - then crosses and picks up a book)
May I borrow this?

Constance
Certainly.

Fleurot
Oh. And - forgive me for my criticism. I think you'd better stick to books. And another thing -

Both look up at a slight sound.

23 SEMI-LONG SHOT

A slim middle-aged man is standing in the doorway.

24 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Fleurot rises from the arm of Constance's chair as she looks up at the newcomer.

25 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Murchison (smiling)
Pardon me for marching in. But I'm spreading the tidings. My successor will be due any moment.

Fleurot (rising)
Well, Dr. Murchison - it's been a pleasure - working under you.

Murchison
Thank you very much.

Fleurot
Coming, Dr. Petersen?

Constance
Oh. I'm in no mad hurry to welcome Dr. Edwardes.

Fleurot exits.

26 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance and Murchison.

Constance
It's hard to imagine this place without you, Dr. Murchison.

Murchison
Yes, I sort of go with the fixtures.

Constance
More than that - you are Green Manors. It seems unfair.

Murchison
You are very young in the profession. You haven't learned the basic secret of science. The old must make way for the new. Particularly when the old is suspected of a touch of senility.

Constance
But that's ridiculous. I should think the Board of Directors would realize you're feeling much better. You've been like a new man since your vacation.

Murchison
The Board's as fair and all knowing as a hospital board can be. Oh, I agree with you that I'm as able and brilliant as ever. But having crumbled once, I might crumble again.

Constance
You were overworked.

Murchison
A charming diagnosis for a broken down horse.

26 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
I shall always remember your cheerfulness today - as a lesson in how to accept reality, Dr. Murchison.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Murchison rises.

Murchison
Don't be too taken in by my happy air, Constance. It's the least difficult way of saying goodbye to twenty years.

Constance
Yes, I know----

Both look up towards the door, as they hear the buzzer.

Constance
Come in.

27 SEMI-LONG SHOT

The door is opening and the attendant, Harry, enters.

Harry
Your mail, Dr. Petersen. And Mr. Garmes.

Mr. Garmes is a plump, well-groomed, honest-looking gentleman.

28 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance and Murchison.

Constance
Come in, Mr. Garmes.
(to Murchison)
You're not leaving - today? I'll see you again?

Murchison
I shall hover around for a while-like an old mother hen - at least until Dr. Edwardes is firmly on the nest.
(he exits)

Constance looks after him as he goes out, her eyes full of thought.

Harry crosses the scene in front of her to put the mail on her desk. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Mr. Garmes who comes towards her. As Harry exits, Constance talks to her patient who comes up to the desk with her.

CONTINUED:

28 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
How do you feel today, Mr. Garmes?

Garmes (politely)
Somewhat better, Doctor. The thing seems a little less troublesome.

Constance commences to open her mail. She is using a rather wicked looking knife-like letter opener. Garmes comes forward and eyes the knife.

Garmes
May - I do that for you, Doctor?

Constance smiles at him and moves the knife out of his reach.

Constance
Thank you, no. I can do it myself - very well. Please sit down. I'll be with you in a moment.

29 SEMI-CLOSEUP

As Garmes seats himself, CAMERA MOVES IN. His face bears an expression of great interest as we hear the sound of tearing paper caused by Constance inserting the knife into the envelopes.

LAP DISSOLVE:

30 INT. MURCHISON'S OFFICE - SEMI-LONG SHOT - DAY

Assembled here are a group of doctors, Fleurot among them. They are gathered around a window looking down.

31 SEMI-LONG SHOT

OVER THE SHOULDERS of the three, we can see through the window to the ground below. Two men are seen. One has just alighted from a car which is driving away. A manservant is gathering up a suitcase.

Fleurot (at the window)
So that's the mighty Anthony Edwardes.

Dr. Graff
He looks a little younger than I expected.

Hanish
He has only brought one suitcase. Perhaps he doesn't intend to remain very long.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED (3)

Fleurot
Leave those day-dreams to Dr. Murchison.

The group begins to turn away from the window as the two figures disappear below. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK with them.

The door opens. Dr. Galt ushers in Dr. Edwardes. Edwardes is a vivid, healthy looking man in his thirties. CAMERA MOVES IN SLIGHTLY as Galt begins to introduce the newcomer.

Galt
Gentlemen - our new chief - Dr. Anthony Edwardes. Dr. Fleurot.

Edwardes
How do you do.
(he smiles)

Fleurot
How do you do.

Dr. Graff
I am Dr. Graff.

Edwardes
How do you do.

Galt
And Dr. Hanish. There are still some staff members missing, Dr. Edwardes. These are your quarters.

Edwardes
They're very festive - for an institution.

They all turn at the sound of the door opening.

32 SEMI-LONG SHOT

Murchison appears in the doorway. CAMERA PANS HIM over to the group. Galt makes a quick introduction.

Galt
Dr. Edwardes - Dr. Murchison.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN until the two men are in profile.

Edwardes
How do you do, Dr. Murchison. I've heard a great deal about you, sir.

Murchison (amiably)
And I, naturally, about you. You're younger than I thought you would be.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED (2)

Edwardes
My age hasn't caught up with me yet.

Murchison (smiling)
Mine has - it seems. And I am pleased to hand over the reins to steadier hands. I am leaving you my library which contains among other items of interest, your latest volume - The Labyrinth of the Guilt Complex. An excellent work. I hope Green Manors will inspire others as fine.

Edwardes
I am very grateful -

Murchison
I don't know the formal words for an abdication, Doctor Edwardes. May I say merely that these quarters which I have occupied for twenty years - are now yours. Will you excuse me?

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK so that we see him exit from the room with the rest of the doctors remaining in tableau, their heads all turned in his direction.

33 INT. LARGE PUBLIC DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSEUP

Murchison, at table.

During the first speech CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a FULL SHOT of the staff table. Seated around it we find Doctors Graff, Fleurot, Galt, Petersen, as well as Murchison. There are two empty chairs between Constance and Fleurot. The latter two are conversing across the two chairs.

Fleurot
I spent a half hour with Dr. Edwardes and I must say I was most favorably impressed.

Constance
I intend to learn a great deal from Dr. Edwardes. I think we all can from a man of such obvious talents.

Murchison
You are familiar with his work?

Constance
Oh, yes. I have read all his books. A very keen and unorthodox mind, I think. It would be dreadful if Dr. Murchison's successor were - unworthy of him.

34 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group at the table, as Galt says quietly:

Galt
He's joining us.

35 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT across the dining room, we see the approaching figure of Edwardes. THE CAMERA PANS him to include the rest of the people at the table. Murchison rises.

Murchison
I think you know every one here, Dr. Edwardes.

Edwardes (looking at Constance)
No. Not yet.

Murchison
Oh, this is Dr. Petersen.

Edwardes (holding out his hand)
How do you do.

Constance (raising her hand to his)
Dr. Edwardes.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as Edwardes sits down in the empty chair next to Constance.

Edwardes
Dr. Hanish has been showing me the grounds. A remarkable institution, Dr. Murchison. It must be quite beautiful in the summer.

Hanish
I pointed out to Dr. Edwardes - our various open air diversions for the patients.

Constance
Doctor Murchison always argued that we did not do enough in that direction. And I agree with him.

Fleurot
(smiling at Edwardes)
Let me warn you that Doctor Petersen is a frustrated gymnast.

Constance
Well Doctor Fleurot considers anything beyond sitting and standing - gymnastics.

Edwardes
I imagine you're very fond of sports.

CONTINUED:

35 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
Yes - I am. And I miss them - particularly winter sports....
(smiling)
Did you show Doctor Edwardes the elm grove?

Hanish
Yes -- yes, indeed.

Constance
That's where we hope to have our new swimming pool.

Edwardes (to Constance)
Oh, I'm a great believer in swimming pools.

Constance (eagerly)
There's a perfect spot for it - among the elms. Not an oblong one, but an irregular pool something - something like this - you know -

Constance commences to draw a design on the tablecloth with the prongs of a fork.

36 CLOSEUP

Constance's fork is pressing fairly defined lines on the tablecloth.

Constance
The bath houses will be at ...

37 CLOSEUP

Edwardes is staring down at the table. We see his expression changing. He is no longer amiable. Suddenly he speaks sharply:

Edwardes
I take it that the supply of linen at this institution is inexhaustible.

38 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group look up at him.

Edwardes
(he catches himself and tries to make his voice smooth)
Forgive me.

39 SEMI-CLOSEUP

During this, Constance looks at him intently for a moment and then looks around at the others.

40 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The rest of the doctors are all smiling oddly at Edwardes. There is an awkward pause.

41 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group. Constance speaks quickly, as if protecting him instinctively against their derision.

Constance
That reminds me of my professor - in psychiatry, Dr. Brulov. He could never stand a sauce bottle on the table - or even a salt shaker. They took his appetite away. I remember once at a banquet in his honor, he refused to sit at the speakers' table because he was completely surrounded by -- by catsup.

They all laugh, including Edwardes, who is smoothing out the marks on the tablecloth with his knife.

42 CLOSEUP

Constance looks down, the laughter dying from her face as she sees:

43 CLOSEUP

The knife smoothing the marks out from the tablecloth.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

44 INT. CONSTANCE'S OFFICE - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Bright sunlight strikes across Constance, who is sitting at her desk in her office living room. She is busy writing up one of her case histories. Fleurot is sitting on the couch talking across to her.

Fleurot (grinning)
Last night at the table there was a dimple in your cheek - that was never there before. And I detected the out-croppings of a maternal instinct toward Dr. Edwardes.

Constance
I detest that sort of high school talk.

Fleurot
Your reactions have upset one of my pet theories about you - to wit: that you were immune to psychoanalysts. And would end up in the arms of some Boob McNutt with spiked hair.

Constance (coldly)
If I were looking for that type, Dr. Fleurot, I would long ago have adored you.

Both look up, at a knock on the door.

Constance
Come in.

45 SEMI-LONG SHOT

The door opens and Harry, the attendant appears. As he crosses to Constance THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM.

Harry
I -- oh, excuse me. It's from Dr. Edwardes.

He hands her a sealed envelope. She opens it. Fleurot rises and speaks as she reads.

Fleurot
Ah -- love notes, already! The French school of science.

46 INSERT THE NOTE

- held in Constance's hand. It reads:

"Your patient Mr. Garmes is here.
Please come immediately.
Anthony Edwardes"

LAP DISSOLVE:

47 INT. DR. EDWARDES' OFFICE - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Edwardes is seated at his desk. Mr. Garmes, a patient, is seated on the couch. Garmes is talking in a low and intense voice.

48 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Garmes addressing Edwardes.

Garmes
I didn't want to come to this institution, but my brother insisted. I can see no sense in it, myself. You see, I am convinced I am not suffering from any hallucination. But that my guilt is very real. I know, Dr. Edwardes, that I killed my father - and I am willing to pay the penalty for...
(he breaks off)

49 SEMI-LONG SHOT

Edwardes (hearing knock on door)
Come in.

The door opens and Constance enters.

Edwardes
Oh -- thank you for coming so soon. I've been listening to Mr. Garmes, and thought you might help me out.

Constance
Mr. Garmes, you shouldn't have disturbed Dr. Edwardes.

Edwardes (slowly)
It's all right. I'm very interested in Mr. Garmes' case.

Constance
I knew you would be. He fits perfectly into your chapters on the guilt complex.

Garmes
Would you mind telling me what you are talking about?

Constance (turning to Garmes)
You are here to see if we can cure your guilt complex by psychoanalysis, Mr. Garmes.

50 CLOSEUP

Garmes begins to shake. He wipes his fingers down the side of his face.

Garmes
But I have no guilt complex. I know - what I know. I killed my father - and -

51 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance watches him and then moves across to sit down beside him.

Constance
(quietly, as she sits down beside him)
No - you didn't kill your father. That's a misconception that has taken hold of you.
(she turns to Edwardes)
Oh - I'm sorry, Doctor - you were talking to him.

Edwardes
No, no - go on.

Constance (to Garmes)
People often feel guilty over something they never did. It usually goes back to their childhood. A child often wishes something terrible would happen to someone. And if something does happen to that to that person the child believes he has caused it. And he grows up with a guilt complex - over a sin that was only a child's bad dream.

Garmes (slowly)
What I am thinking isn't true, then?

Constance
No. And in the course of analyzing yourself, you will see that. Would you care to go back to your room, Mr. Garmes?

Garmes rises. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

Constance moves across to the door and opens it. She calls.

Constance
Harry!

She looks back compassionately toward Garmes while waiting for Harry to appear. The attendant presents himself, crosses and takes Garmes by his arm and leads him out. Constance closes the door and crosses to Edwardes, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

Constance
I think we'd better put him under drugs for a few days. He looks agitated.

Edwardes (quietly)
His conviction - is curious.

Constance
But you've encountered such cases very often, Dr. Edwardes. You described them perfectly in your book.

Edwardes (softly)
Yes - yes - so I did.
(rising; he frowns)
Would you mind doing me a favor?

Constance (smiling)
Not at all, doctor.

CONTINUED:

51 CONTINUED (2)

Edwardes
I've a headache. I'd like to take the afternoon off - with you. I understand you're not on duty till after dinner.

Constance
I - I intended typing up my notes.

Edwardes (coming to her side)
Please. I need a little fresh air, and you look as though it might do you a bit of good.

Constance
I was going to lunch with Dr. Hanish. He has an interesting new patient - a kleptomaniac who -

Edwardes (interrupting)
Kleptomaniacs for lunch! They'll steal the food out of your mouth.

The phone rings.

Edwardes
Excuse me.

Edwardes picks up the phone and speaks into it.

Edwardes
Hello.... Yes, Dr. Edwardes.... What? ... Yes, Anthony Edwardes... Who? ... Sorry, I don't get your name.... Norma Cramer....
(he listens and then answers sharply)
Please, Miss Cramer, I'm very busy and I don't know you.
(he hangs up and smiles nervously at Constance)
Some girl claiming to be -
(he breaks off)
I hate practical jokes, don't you?
(he smiles at her)
People calling you up and chirping, 'guess who I am!'

Constance
It sounds like some ex-patient of yours. They're always full of coy little tricks.

Edwardes
Very likely... Come on. Let's go. We'll look at some sane trees, normal grass, and clouds without complexes.

As he leads Constance out of the office, Edwardes looks back over his shoulder at the telephone, vaguely disturbed.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN

52 EXTERIOR - BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF VERMONT COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We see the figures of Edwardes and Constance climbing, in the distance, toward the top of a hill. It is late afternoon.

LAP DISSOLVE:

53 NEARER VIEW

of Constance and Edwardes shows that they are each carrying a sandwich package and a bottle of pop. The day is brisk, and a wind is blowing. Constance is talking as we come upon them. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM.

Constance
I think the greatest harm done the human race has been done by the poets.

Edwardes
Poets are dull boys, most of them - but not especially fiendish.

Constance (firmly)
They keep filling people's heads with delusions about - about love. Writing about it as if it were a symphony orchestra and a flight of angels.

Edwardes
(smiling, as they come to a field rail fence)
Which it isn't - eh?

Constance starts to stick her leg through the fence and duck under the rail. Edwardes helps her by lifting the half-rotted upper rail. Her stocking is torn on the lower rail as she pushes through.

Constance
(struggling thus to get through the fence)
Of course it isn't! People fall in love - as they put it - because they respond to certain hair coloring, or vocal tones, or mannerisms that remind them of their parents.

Edwardes (helping her out)
Sometimes for no reason at all.

Constance
But that's not the point. The point is that people read about love as one thing - and experience it as another. They expect kisses to be like lyrical poems and - and embraces to be like Shakespearean dramas.

CONTINUED:

53 CONTINUED (2)

Edwardes
And when they find out differently - then they get sick and have to be analyzed, eh?

Constance
Yes - very often.

Edwardes
Professor, you are suffering from mogo on the gogo.

Constance (startled)
I beg your pardon.

They have come to another fence. This one is reinforced with old barbed wire.

She starts to crawl through the wire by lifting one of the strands.

Edwardes
Hey - you can't get through there like that.

Constance (looking up at him)
Of course I can. Now really I have been through here many times.

Edwardes tries to assist Constance, but she leaps out of his embrace and falls on the other side in some disarray.

Constance (exasperated)
Oh!

He vaults over and joins her.

Edwardes (bending over her)
Are you hurt?

Constance (starting to get up)
No, not at all.

Edwardes
(holding out his hands to help her)
Here.

Constance
No - I'm perfectly all right.

She takes his hands and he pulls her to her feet.

Constance (as they resume walking uphill)
I've usually gone on picnics here - alone.

Edwardes
That doesn't sound like much fun.

Constance
I haven't gone in for fun - as you call it.
(looking around at the scenery)
Isn't this beautiful?

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED (3)

Her eyes are on the landscape below. Her voice is soft and happy as she speaks - and Edwardes watches her, held by her radiance.

Edwardes
Perfect.

54 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two. Edwardes undoes the sandwiches.

Edwardes
Oh, lunch - lunch, what'll you have - ham or liverwurst?

Constance
(her voice still full of mood)
Liverwurst.

She takes the sandwich and stares at the scenery. As he eats and looks at her,

LAP DISSOLVE:

55 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

We are at the staff table once more. Present are Murchison, Fleurot, Graff, Hanish and Galt. All heads are turned toward Murchison. Two empty chairs are conspicuous in the foreground.

Graff
Has anybody seen our new chief today?

Fleurot (smiling)
He has been - tied up.

Murchison
Yes - he frisked off with Doctor Petersen at noon.

Hanish
It's odd spending his first day running after Doctor Petersen like a drooling college boy.

Fleurot
It'll do Constance good to be drooled over. The poor girl is withering away with science. I was telling her, only recently, that something vital was missing from her life.

They look around suddenly.

56 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT, Constance is crossing the room and comes to the table. She looks a little flushed, with her hair slightly disarranged.

57 MED. SHOT

Constance comes up to the table as doctors rise.

Constance
Oh, please don't get up. I just came in because I learned Mr. Garmes became agitated again this afternoon.

Galt
Yes. I gave him a sedative.

Constance
I'm very sorry I wasn't here.

Fleurot
Nonsense. You look as if you have had an instructive time.

58 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance stares at him.

Constance
Instructive?

59 MED. SHOT

The men at the table.

Fleurot
Gentlemen, notice her stockings. The lady has been climbing trees.
(he points to a tear in her hose)

60 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance looks down at her legs unconsciously, while over this we hear the voice of Galt.

Galt's voice
Or lolling in a briar patch.

61 MED. SHOT

The group.

Fleurot
No, it's trees. There are two leaves in her hair. Allow me, Doctor Petersen.
(he removes a bit of greenery from her coiffure)

Constance (coldly)
You are surpassing youself as a charmer, Doctor Fleurot.

Dr. Graff
Don't run away. Do have some coffee.

Fleurot
Doctor Petersen has already eaten. As one can tell by the mustard on her right forefinger. I would say hot dogs on the State Highway.

Constance
Would you, really? Your diagnosis is as usual - wrong, Doctor Fleurot. Not hot dogs. Liverwurst.
(turns to go)
I am very sorry I have to leave this nursery. I must see Mr. Garmes.

She walks out, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER.

62 MED. SHOT AT TABLE

The group looking after Constance

Fleurot
It looks like we have Casanova, himself, at the head of Green Manors. Did you notice her blushing every time we said his name?

LAP DISSOLVE:

63 EXT. GREEN MANORS. (COSGROVE) NIGHT. WIND

64 INT. CONSTANCE PETERSEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Constance is lying in bed, her eyes open. Almost reluctantly she looks upwards, her mind obviously on Edwardes. She hesitates for a moment or two, then sits up in bed. CAMERA PULLS BACK as she half gets out and sits on the side, with her feet on the floor. She puts them into a pair of slippers and picks up a negligee from a chair. It is a white tailored negligee made from a material that has a pattern of straight lines woven into it. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she moves across to the door and out of the room.

65 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance emerges into the hall and looks around her, slightly furtively. THE CAMERA MOVES AHEAD OF HER as she mounts the stairs. There is an anxious, hopeful expression on her face.

66 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM HER VIEWPOINT, THE CAMERA MOVES UP the stairs, turns, and as soon as it leaves the upper floor level,we see the light is still burning under Edwardes' door.

67 CLOSEUP

Constance's face has a slightly disturbed expression.

68 MED. SHOT

Constance almost hurries past Edwardes' door and goes to the door of the library.

69 INT. LIBRARY - SEMI-LONG SHOT - NIGHT.

Constance enters and switches on the light. At first a dim light shows, then she turns on two more switches so that the room is fully and brightly lit. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER across to some shelves. She takes down a book. CAMERA MOVES IN UNTIL the book FILLS THE SCREEN. It is "The Labyrinth of the Guilt Complex" by Anthony Edwardes.

CONTINUED:

69 CONTINUED (2)

As she opens it, the first end leaf reads:

> "This special edition of Labyrinth of the Guilt Complex is limited to seven hundred and fifty copies, each autographed by the author."

Below the printed lines is the signature, "Anthony Edwardes."

The book closes, and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Constance moves across the room to the door. She switches off the lights and goes into the hallway.

70 INT. HALLWAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP - NIGHT.

THE CAMERA PANS Constance across the hall, but she stops short as she sees:

71 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM HER VIEWPOINT, the light showing under Edwardes' door.

72 SEMI-CLOSEUP

We see Constance's terrific desire to go in and talk to Edwardes. But she passes his door and starts down the stairs. Then she hesitates, turns back, and quickly crosses to his door. She taps quietly. There is no answer. She gives a quick glance around, and then tries the doorknob. The door opens, allowing a flood of light into the half-lit hall.

73 INT. EDWARDES' OFFICE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

She comes into the brightly lighted room and looks about her. It is empty. She looks into the bedroom beyond. The door is half opened. Sitting in an armchair, with a robe over his shirt and trousers, is Dr. Edwardes. He is dozing.

74 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance doesn't know whether to attract his attention or not.

75 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Edwardes opens his eyes and stares at her intently.

76 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT we see Constance standing in the outer room. She stands awkwardly; her manner is that of a school girl of fifteen. Her tones are apologetic and abstracted.

Constance
It's very late.

77 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Edwardes smiles and nods.

78 SEMI-LONG SHOT

Constance advances slowly toward the CAMERA and into the door frame between the two rooms.

Constance
I was going to read your new book. I would like to discuss it - I've never discussed an author's work with him. Of course, at school we had several literary professors. But that was quite different.
(her embarrassment runs her down and she stands frowning at him)
I sound rather nervous, don't I?

79 CLOSEUP

Edwardes

Edwardes (softly)
Not at all.

80 MED. SHOT

Constance
I thought I wanted to discuss your book with you. I am amazed at the subterfuge.
(she stares at him a moment)
I don't want to discuss it at all.

Edwardes (softly)
I understand.

CONTINUED:

80 CONTINUED (2)

Constance (staring at him)
It's quite remarkable to discover that one isn't what one thought - one was. I mean, I have always been entirely aware of what was in my mind.

Edwardes
And you're not, now?

Constance (almost angrily)
This is quite ridiculous. It was stupid of me to come in here - like a distracted child.

Edwardes
You're very lovely.

Constance (frowning)
Please - don't talk that way. You'll think I came in to hear that -
(she breaks off)

Edwardes
I know why you came in.

Constance (softly)
Why?

Edwardes
Because something has happened to us.
(he comes toward her)

Constance
But it doesn't happen like that - in a day -

Edwardes (softly)
It happens in a moment - sometimes. I felt it this afternoon. It was like lightning striking. It strikes rarely -

He advances toward the CAMERA until his face FILLS THE SCREEN. He inclines his head slightly. His mouth goes out of the picture.

81 CLOSEUP

Constance's eyes fill the screen. They begin to close slowly.

82 CLOSEUP

Edwardes' nose and eyes begin to blur and fade away. Their place is taken by a large door which opens by an unseen hand; beyond this is another door which swings open, and then another, until we see a whole succession of doors opening, one after another, as though down a long corridor.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED (2)

As the picture clears, we see the two profiles emerging from the kiss. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly, showing Constance still clinging to him.

Constance (faintly)
I don't understand -- how it happened.

83 CLOSEUP

Edwardes looks down at her neck.

84 CLOSEUP

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT we see the lines woven into the material of her negligee. Somehow they seem accentuated.

85 CLOSEUP

Edwardes' stare increases. His face fills with the same curious look of fear that came to it when he looked at the fork lines drawn on the tablecloth. He struggles to remove his eyes from her shoulder, but his gaze is held. His alarm and tension increase. He pushes her away.

86 MED SHOT

Constance looks up and sees the expression of terror in his face. Confusion overcomes her as she almost staggers back from him.

Constance (gasping)
What is it?

Edwardes (hoarsely)
It's not you. It's something about your robe.

Constance (staring)
My robe! I don't understand.

Edwardes (recovering himself partly)
Forgive me. Something struck me. I've been having a - rather bad time with my nerves lately. Your robe -- I mean, the dark lines --

The telephone rings from the other room.

CONTINUED:

86 CONTINUED (2)

Constance (tenderly)
You're ill.

Edwardes
(as the phone continues ringing)
No. I'll be all right.

CAMERA PANS HIM across to the telephone. As he speaks into it, automatically.

Edwardes
Hello. Yes - Dr. Edwardes... Yes... Yes..what! Where is he?.... I'll be there right away.
(he hangs up and crosses to Constance)
Mr. Garmes has run amuck. He tried to murder Fleurot and then cut his own throat.

He slips his bathrobe off and picks up his coat to put on.

Constance
(her voice suddenly calm and professional)
Is it bad?

They both move out of the room as Edwardes answers:

Edwardes
I think so. He's in surgery.

Constance
I'll be right along.

LAP DISSOLVE:

87 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

CAMERA MOVES IN to take a closer view of what is happening. We see that Garmes is lying on the surgical table. A blood transfusion apparatus is beside it. A transfusion is in progress. Present are Drs. Murchison, Fleurot and Graff, with two of the night nurses. The room is lighted like a surgery. AS THE CAMERA GETS NEARER we are able to see Garmes' throat is heavily bandaged and he is unconscious. Fleurot's face has been cut. His cheek is taped and bandaged.

The doctors and nurses are conversing in low whispers.

Graff
He's lost a lot of blood - but I think he will pull through. What is the pulse?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED (2)

Nurse (holding Garmes' wrist)
One hundred and forty.

Graff
Going down.
(he looks up toward the door)

88 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM GRAFF'S VIEWPOINT we see Edwardes and Constance hurriedly enter, slipping into white surgical aprons as they come in. They go to the surgical table and join the others leaning over Garmes.

89 PAN SHOT

Starting on the backs of Constance and Edwardes, CAMERA, gradually MOVING IN CLOSER and TILTING UP slightly, FOLLOWS THE UNBROKEN CIRCLE OF BACKS around the table. It stops across the table from Edwardes as he straightens up.

90 CLOSEUP - EDWARDES

A wild expression is growing on his face. He speaks now in a hoarsened voice:

Edwardes
Why are the lights out in the corridor?

91 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group. Graff looks up from his work.

Graff
What do you mean?

Edwardes' voice is quiet, his words tipped with slight hysteria.

Edwardes
It's dark. That's why he did it. Because the lights are out. Put them on! And the doors! Unlock them! You can't keep people in cells.
(he is panting now as he talks)

The others are staring at him with growing alarm. Constance comes toward him.

CONTINUED:

91 CONTINUED (2)

Constance (sharply)
Dr. Edwardes.

Edwardes moves away from her.

Edwardes
You fools! Babbling about guilt complexes! What do you know about them! He did it. He told me. He killed his father. Put on the lights - quick. It's dark. It's dark.

Whispering these words hoarsely, Dr. Edwardes sways on his feet. Fleurot prevents him from falling.

Graff
He's in collapse.

Constance
Yes - he's ill.

Fleurot
Here - help me.

Constance helps support the limp figure of Edwardes. They lower him onto a chair. Williams comes from the table to look at him. Constance takes his pulse.

92 SEMI-CLOSEUP - GRAFF

Murchison looking on expressionlessly. We hear the voices of Graff and Fleurot.

Graff
Curious. Didn't look like a heart case.

Fleurot
(shakes his head)
Not heart. Shock of some sort. Probably brought on by exhaustion.

Constance
Take him up to his room. I'll take care of him.

LAP DISSOLVE:

93 INT. EDWARDES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Constance is seated by Edwardes' bed. He is lying asleep. THE CAMERA MOVES IN DELIBERATELY and SLOWLY until it comes to rest on Edwardes' book which lies in her lap. Sticking out between the pages is a slip of paper.

94 CLOSEUP

Constance looks from the sleeping Edwardes down to her lap.

95 CLOSEUP

She opens the book, and we are able to read what is on the slip of paper which is held between the pages. It reads: "Your patient, Mr. Garmes, is here. Will you please drop in?" Her hands turn the pages of the book until she reaches the front sheet, with Edwardes' signature.

96 CLOSEUP

Her hands hold the note with the signature as close as possible to the signature in the book. The handwritings are startingly different.

97 CLOSEUP

Constance looks from the book across to Edwardes,

98 MED. SHOT

FROM HER VIEWPOINT we see Edwardes open his eyes and look up at her.

99 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Edwardes
I'm sorry. I suppose I made - quite an exhibition - of myself. Who brought me down here - you?
(he stares at her)
It's rather a mess - going to pieces - in surgery.

100 CLOSEUP

Constance draws in her breath before she speaks, and then asks, quietly:

Constance
Who are you?

101 CAMERA moves slowly up to BIG CLOSEUP of Edwardes' face, and holds there. Edwardes is silent. There is a long pause as we see terror and doubt sweep over him.

102 CLOSEUP

Constance, looking at him tensely.

103 CLOSEUP

Edwardes. His eyes remain on hers for a long moment, then, a look of desperation on his face, his voice resumes quietly:

Edwardes
I remember, now. Edwardes is dead. I killed him and took his place. I'm - someone else - I don't know who - I killed - him - Edwardes -

104 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance sits rigidly, looking at him. For a moment her shock holds her motionless. Then her hand moves toward him, and she strokes his head tenderly as he lies muttering into the pillow.

LAP DISSOLVE:

105 INT. EDWARDES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Constance is still sitting. Edwardes is now out of bed, in pajamas, slippers and dressing robe. He's pacing slowly. She watches him. He crosses to the curtained window and looks out. A stream of light momentarily enters the room.

106 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Edwardes lets the curtain drop and continues walking up and down, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

Edwardes (quietly, as he walks)
I have no memory. It's like looking into a mirror - and seeing nothing but the mirror. Yet the image is there. I know it's there.
(he stands and stares ahead of him and speaks tensely)
I exist! I'm there!
(he crosses to the bed and sits down on it, looking desperately at Constance)
How can a man lose his name, his memory, and everything he has ever known - and still talk like this? As if he were quite sane.
(he takes her hands)
Are you afraid of me?

107 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance - her eyes are full but she speaks as if she were in a tete-a-tete with a fellow scientist.

Constance
No. You are ill. Loss of memory isn't a difficult problem.

Edwardes
Yes, I know -- amnesia... A trick of the mind for remaining sane. You remain sane - by forgetting something too horrible to remember. You put the horrible thing - behind a closed door.

Constance leans nearer to him, her eyes full of love and pity.

Constance
We have to open the door.

108 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Edwardes, in a low voice:

Edwardes
I know what's behind the door. Murder.

109 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance. She shakes her head, and says softly:

Constance
No. No, That's a delusion you have acquired - out of illness.

CONTINUED:

109 CONTINUED (2)

He closes his eyes as if in pain.

Constance
Will you answer me truthfully - and trust me?

Edwardes
I trust you but --
(he looks at her desperately)
it's no use. I can't think. I don't know who I am. I don't know. I don't know.

Constance (sharply)
Who telephoned you - yesterday?

Edwardes (vaguely)
Telephoned me?

Constance (sharply)
Yes. There - in the office.

Edwardes (nodding - his voice fuzzy)
Oh, yes. I remember.

Constance (sharply)
What did she say?

Edwardes
She said that she was my office assistant - and was worried about me - hadn't heard -

Constance (sharply)
You mean she was Dr. Edwardes' assistant. And hadn't heard from him. What else did she say?

Edwardes
She didn't recognize my voice. That I wasn't Dr. Edwardes.

Constance (sharply)
And you hung up - in anger?

Edwardes (painfully)
I was confused. My head ached.

Constance
Was that your first doubt?

Edwardes (dully)
My first doubt?

Constance (intently)
Was that the first time you became confused - as Edwardes? Did anything else happen - before that?

Edwardes rises and crosses to a suitcase.

CONTINUED:

109 CONTINUED (3)

Edwardes
Yes, when I was in the hotel room packing to come here. I found a cigarette case in my coat. It frightened me. I didn't know why it should. Here.

He opens the bag and produces a cigarette case which he brings back to her, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He adds, painfully:

Edwardes
The initials. J.B. See them?
(Constance nods)
When I saw them - in the hotel room - they made my head ache.

He walks away toward a mirror, CAMERA FOLLOWING. We hear Constance's voice:

Constance's voice
They are probably your initials.

Edwardes stands looking into the mirror as he repeats:

Edwardes
J.B. - J.B.

Through the mirror we can see Constance rising and coming toward him. She enters the picture and stands beside him.

Constance
You must sleep -- I think when you wake up you'll be able to tell me more. If you trust me -

Edwardes (wearily)
I trust you. Sleep. You'd better get some sleep yourself. I'll be all right.

He returns to the bed. Constance follows him. THE CAMERA PANS THEM OVER.

Constance
I'm sure there will be no police inquiry for a few days - We'll talk about it - and straighten everything out before - anything happens.

Edwardes sits on the bed and closes his eyes.

Constance
I'll come in - in the morning, and report you too ill for service.

Constance, with a final look tiptoes away from him, and out the door.

DISSOLVE:

110 INSERT J.B.'s hand writing a note.

We see the note:

"I cannot involve you in this for many reasons. One of them being that I love you. When the police step in, tell them I am at the Empire State Hotel in New York. I prefer to wait alone for the end. Goodbye.

J.B."

His hands fold the note and put it into an envelope. He writes her name, "Dr. Petersen" on it in his bold, heavy script.

DISSOLVE:

111 INT. CORRIDOR - SEMI-CLOSEUP - NIGHT

We see a man's shadow and hand insert the envelope under the door to Constance's room.

112 INT. CONSTANCE PETERSEN'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

The envelope appears on the other side of the door. CAMERA PANS UP from it and we see through into the moonlit bedroom. We can just discern the recumbent figure of Constance, sleeping.

LAP DISSOLVE:

113 INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAWN - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A group of figures is standing listening to a severe, middle-aged woman. Murchison, Fleurot, Graff, and Galt are present. They are in robes and slippers. Two local state policemen in uniform are present and the local sheriff. The severe looking woman is Norma Cramer. Norma is saying:

Norma
I have been in Dr. Edwardes' office for five years, and the man who spoke to me is not Dr. Edwardes. He let me have my vacation when he left on his. I was very worried when I didn't hear from him last week. Then I thought he might have just come here without reopening his office. That's why I telephoned.

114 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group. The sheriff turns to Norma.

Sheriff
Show them the picture.

Norma
Oh, yes.
(she takes it from her purse)

115 CLOSEUP

We see the photograph of a man ten years older than J.B. (as Edwardes will be called in the future) and in no way resembling him. Voices come over the insert.

Fleurot's Voice
That's - a different man.

Sheriff's Voice
He was taking a chance. Somebody might have known what Edwardes looked like.

116 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Murchison. His face is composed, but his elation comes through in his tones:

Sheriff's Voice
You never saw the real Edwardes?

Murchison
No. I never met him.
(a pause)
But - I felt something wrong from the moment our man appeared. He didn't impress me as a scientist. And last night-when he collapsed - I became actually alarmed.

Fleurot
What do you think made him break down last night?

Murchison
It's obvious now. Garmes. Our impostor is, I'm almost certain, an amnesia case. Garmes brought him back to reality for an instant - and being unable to face the truth of who he was, he collapsed.

Sheriff
You think he may have killed Edwardes?

CONTINUED:

116 CONTINUED (2)

Murchison
There can be no question of it. He killed Dr. Edwardes and then took his place - in order to conceal his crime - by pretending the victim was still alive. This sort of unrealistic act is typical of the short-sighted cunning that goes with paranoid behavior.
(he looks around triumphantly)
But we are wasting time, gentlemen. His room is upstairs.

He starts for the hall. They all follow him down the corridor.

LAP DISSOLVE:

117 INT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM. DAWN.

Constance is in bed asleep. CAMERA PANS from her to the white envelope under the door in the room beyond. CAMERA HOLDS on the envelope a moment, then we hear a murmur of voices and the bell buzzer.

118 MEDIUM SHOT

Constance stirs in bed. The murmur of voices continues and knuckles begin to rap on the door beyond. Constance wakes, sits on the side of the bed, and putting her feet into slippers, slips on her robe and comes toward the door. The knocking continues over this. As she reaches the foreground she sees the note on the floor. She leans over to pick it up, but at the psychological moment the door opens and she is prevented from picking up the envelope.

119 CLOSEUP

We see Constance's eyes staring at the newcomers, and then her quick, furtive glance down.

120 CLOSEUP

From her viewpoint we see the feet of the entering people walking over the envelope.

121 MEDIUM SHOT

Constance backs away from the envelope as they come in.

Murchison
This is Dr. Petersen. These gentlemen are from the police.

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
The police! What has happened?

Murchison
Nothing to be alarmed about. Our Dr. Edwardes turns out to be a paranoid impostor - who is very likely guilty of having murdered the real Edwardes. He has disappeared -

Constance (staring)
Oh - he is not in his room -

Sheriff
You left him in his room, Miss?

Constance
Yes. About three o'clock.

Sheriff
How'd you happen to leave him?

Constance
He was asleep.

Sheriff
I understand he had a breakdown.

Constance
That's true. He was ill.

Sheriff
He didn't say anything - about himself? About why he broke down?

Constance
No. He was -- he was not himself - he was unable to speak coherently.

Sheriff (staring at Constance)
You don't seem very surprised to learn that his Dr. Edwardes is a fake - and maybe guilty of murder.

122 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance, surreptitiously drawing her breath:

Constance
I - I am used to such surprises in my work.

123 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group.

Sheriff (quickly)
You suspected something, then?

CONTINUED:

123 CONTINUED (3)

Constance
No. I thought his collapse due to mental strain.

Sheriff
That's a funny diagnosis for a fellow who's supposed to have just come from a vacation.

124 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance, steadily:

Constance
I made no medical diagnosis. I was shocked to see him collapse, and I didn't think beyond that.

Fleurot's voice
We were all pretty shocked, Sheriff. The fellow took us all in - all except Dr. Murchison.

Sheriff (to Constance)
And he didn't say anything that might give you an idea - of where he went.

Constance tries hard not to look down at the envelope.

Constance
No.

125 MEDIUM SHOT

The group.

Sheriff
He may be hanging around. We'll have to go over the grounds first.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as they move towards the door.

126 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The feet of one of the detectives kicks the envelope from the floor nearly into the corridor again.

127 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Murchison lingers behind as the group leaves. He says to Constance.

127 CONTINUED (2)

Murchison
I'm sorry this happened to you, Constance. I felt like warning you about him. But I wasn't certain. Don't worry - it's not your fault. And they're bound to find him - I'll keep you informed of - the police activities.

As soon as his back is turned to go through the door Constance looks down at the floor in alarm at the note not being there any longer.

128 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Murchison bends down to pick up the note which, after glancing at the name on the envelope, he hands to Constance in the doorway.

Constance takes it and goes into the room. As Murchison walks away he gives a little thoughtful expression to himself and glances back towards the door of Constance's room. He turns and joins the group, who are waiting for him in the lobby.

129 INT. CONSTANCE'S OFFICE - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance has her back to the door and is reading the note. She glances apprehensively over her shoulder in the direction of Murchison.

LAP DISSOLVE:

130 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

It is after dinner. Seated in a group taking coffee around the fireplace are Fleurot, Graff, and Constance. Graff is talking as we come onto the scene:

Graff
I say the fellow expected to get away with it - like any criminal.

Fleurot
Nonsense. Obviously a case of amnesia. He hadn't the faintest notion of who he was or what he was doing. What do you say, Constance?

THE CAMERA IS MOVING IN SLIGHTLY all the time, until Constance is in SEMI-CLOSEUP.

Constance (slowly)
Why - I don't know.

131 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Fleurot, looking steadily at Constance:

Fleurot
You know, if you were anybody but Constance Peterson - the human glacier and the custodian of truth - I'd say -
(he pauses)

132 CLOSEUP

Constance.

Constance
Yes - You'd say what?

133 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Fleurot replies:

Fleurot
My dear, forgive me my scurvy thoughts. You are telling the truth. I was going to say that you were holding something back. I'm a sentimental ass. A woman like you could never become involved emotionally with any man, sane or insane.
(he laughs)

134 CLOSEUP

Constance holds her breath during Fleurot's speech. She relaxes a little bit at the end of it.

135 CLOSE SHOT MURCHISON

Murchison (looks up from his paper)
I suggest you change the subject, Dr. Fleurot.

136 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group.

Graff
I'll be very interested to ask him certain questions when they bring him back here - no matter what you think.

Fleurot (quietly)
You'll never ask our mystery man any questions.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED (2)

Graff
And why not?

Fleurot
For the very good reason that the police will never find him alive. An amnesic case of that sort - with the police after it - is an obvious suicide. The fellow will put an end to his pain and his nightmare fantasies either by blowing his brains out or dropping himself out of a window.

Murchison has his eyes on Constance.

137 MEDIUM SHOT

Constance has risen. She stands by the mantle-shelf and listens.

138 MEDIUM SHOT

The group. Murchison interposes quietly:

Murchison
You are offending Dr. Petersen by your callousness.
(he looks at her gently)
I am sorry, Constance, that our staff still retains the manners of medical students.

139 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance. She walks out, THE CAMERA PANNING her to the door.

Constance
I am not offended. I - I think Dr. Fleurot's ideas are quite accurate. But I'm rather tired. Good night.

DISSOLVE:

140 INT. CONSTANCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

The clock points to midnight. Reflected in its convex face is Constance pacing the room. WE PULL BACK and see she is smoking and is fully dressed. She consults her wristwatch. The radio is playing a musical program. Suddenly it is interrupted by an announcer's voice.

CONTINUED:

140 CONTINUED (2)

Radio voice
The police have asked me to announce that our neighborhood roads are free of the dangerous madman who escaped from Green Manors. The search for the imposter has shifted to Manhattan. This is WQZK, Rutland, George Bell.

We see Constance recede from THE CAMERA and go into her bedroom. She opens a closet and takes out a suitcase. We see her packing.

DISSOLVE:

141 INT. EMPIRE STATE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A waist shot of Constance sitting inside the lobby of the hotel. Behind her is the revolving door and beyond it the passing street traffic (process). There is an expression of slight bewilderment on her face as she sees:

142 LONG SHOT

FROM HER VIEWPOINT the vast lobby of the hotel with its throng of people moving in different directions.

143 CLOSEUP

Constance begins to wonder where J.B. might be in this huge place. We get her mental impression by cutting to the following scenes:

144 SEMI-LONG SHOT

People gathered around the reception desk, business men, out-of-town people, etc.

145 SEMI-LONG SHOT

The newstand - men buying papers, etc.

146 SEMI-LONG SHOT

The doorway to the bar through which men are passing in and out.

147 SEMI-LONG SHOT

Elevator doors. Again people passing out and fresh arrivals going up.

148 CLOSEUP

We see Constance's face INTERCUT with all these scenes. Her expression becomes one of almost helplessness, then she moves out of the picture.

149 SEMI-LONG SHOT

She comes into the picture and seats herself on a small settee facing the elevator.

150 SEMI-CLOSEUP

As she sits down she puts her suitcase at her feet and settles to watch the people moving in and out of the elevator.

151 SEMI-LONG SHOT

The elevator doors from her viewpoint, opening and disgorging passengers.

152 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance looks anxiously at this new batch of people.

153 SEMI-LONG SHOT

A coarse looking man comes alongside the elevator and stops to study this attractive and obviously distrait lady with the suitcase.

154 MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Constance, from his viewpoint.

155 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The stranger mooches over, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and plunks himself down into the sofa. It makes a tight squeeze and he is pleased with himself. Constance is too intent to notice him. The stranger essays a honeyed tone:

Stranger
(he is a little high with liquor)
Sure feels good to take the weight off your feet.
(Constance sees him for the first time. He continues)
I'm from Pittsburgh. There's a town for you. You really can meet people in Pittsburgh. Friendly. A fella could live and die in this town and couldn't meet nobody.
(he beams at her)
How about you and me havin' a nice little drink, together - now that we're acquainted.

Constance
No, thank you. I -

Stranger
You don't have to be so snooty about it.
(he leans over her)
I'll have you know madam, that I know better people than you - in Pittsburgh.

Constance
(being squeezed against the end of the settee)
I'm sure you're a great social success - given half a chance.

Stranger (eagerly)
Now you're talkin'.

Constance
Do you mind - not sitting in my lap - in public -

A moon-faced, neatly dressed gentleman has come up to the sofa.

Newcomer (quietly)
That's enough of that.

They both look up.

156 MEDIUM SHOT

The moon-faced newcomer is standing by them.

Newcomer (coldly)
Beat it.

Stranger (glaring)
I'll have you know I'm a guest of this hotel. Who do you think you are?

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED (2)

Newcomer
(taking his arm and lifting him up)
I'm the house detective. Get going.

The stranger sways on his feet; he is very bitter.

Stranger
This town's gettin' worse and worse -

He mooches off toward the bar. The detective stands looking at Constance.

157 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance's face is full of apprehension. She starts to rise.

158 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The detective says, soothingly:

Detective
Oh, that's all right, lady. You don't have to go. I'm sorry you were annoyed. I've been watching you for some time - and I figured something like this might happen. You see the chief duty of a house detective is to spot trouble in advance.

She looks at him with ill-concealed fear. He continues calmly.

Detective
You're not registered, are you?

Constance (with an effort)
No.

Detective
Well - I didn't think so - the way you were wandering around.
(he looks keenly at her)
Looking for somebody, eh?
(Constance stares in front of her. The detective's voice grows kinder)
Oh, now don't be afraid of me. I -I've got you spotted as a lady in trouble. And from out of town. School teacher or librarian, which is it?

He lowers himself to her side.

159 CLOSEUP

Constance hesitates for a moment, and they says, nervously:

Constance
School teacher.

160 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The detective replies, smugly:

Detective
I thought so. They always look - like they've just lost something. Maybe I can help you.

161 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two.

Constance (slowly)
I don't think so - thank you.

Detective (the thinker at work)
Looking for some man, I suppose.

He halts her supposed answer and continues chummily.

Detective
(he sits down beside her and goes to work with his brain)
Ah - must be a relative. And from the worried look - I'd say a pretty close one.
(archly)
A husband, f'rinstance. Well now why does a lady go lookin' for her husband? Because either he's off with another dame - or there's been a quarrel.

Constance
I'm really amazed.

Detective
I hit it, eh?

Constance (with feigned wonder)
But how could you tell?

Detective
Well - I'm kind of a psychologist. You know - you got to be in my line.
(he sneers)
Now, would you mind filling in a few of the blank spaces for me?

CONTINUED:

161 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
Oh, no. It's just that we quarreled --

Detective
And then you got sorry and came running after him. That's the usual psychology. But now you're afraid to face him.

Constance (eagerly - "telling all")
Oh, no. No. It's - that I don't know what room he's in. He told a friend he was coming to this hotel - but under a different name, so I couldn't find him. But I must find him and apologize - and make him feel better.

Detective
When did he arrive here?

Constance
Yesterday morning.

Detective
Give me a description of him -

Constance (eagerly)
He's very tall - and attractive - dark hair - a rather rugged face, and brown eyes - and one suitcase.

Detective
I'll go check on him.

He pats her on the shoulder and rises.

162 CLOSEUP

Constance furtively watches him depart.

163 SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see the detective move towards the hotel desk.

164 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance glances off in another direction.

165 SEMI-LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint we see the genial, coarse stranger once more emerging from the bar. He's probably had a couple of more drinks since we last saw him. His eye catches Constance again. He ambles over towards her.

166 MEDIUM SHOT

He seats himself beside her once more. Constance is apprehensive by the fact that he does not speak to her this time. He looks at her with an almost aggressive expression. He puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it with great, if unsteady deliberation. As he shakes the match he looks up. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK and once more our detective friend has returned. He is carrying a batch of cards in his hand. He looks down with a deadpan expression to the drunk, who gets up and mumbles as he again ambles off.

Stranger
Flatfoot.

Constance rises, CAMERA MOVING IN TO A SEMI-CLOSEUP of the two.

Constance
Did you find - him?

Detective
Well, I think we got a line. About twenty-five guys answering your description registered here yesterday. These are their registration cards. I figured you might recognize the handwriting.

Constance.
That's very clever - of you -

She looks through the handful of cards.

167 CLOSEUP

As her hands scan through them we come upon the familiar writing of J.B. The name on the card is 'John Brown'.

168 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two.

Constance
This is his handwriting.

Detective
John Brown, eh? Not much imagination for an alias. Room 3033.

Constance
(holds out her hand)
Thank you - very much. I was going to sit here all day - watching for him.

CONTINUED:

168 CONTINUED (2)

THE CAMERA PANS THEM over to the elevator. He guides her through the doors.

Detective
I knew you were. I'm glad to be of service. I'm a married man myself - and I know how it feels to have a wife come chasing after you - to apologize.
(he beams at her)

She enters the cage.

LAP DISSOLVE:

169 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance walks toward the door. She stops and rings the bell. The door opens. The haggard J.B. puts his head out.

J.B. (he recognizes her - and stares)
Constance.

She enters quickly.

170 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

She comes to the other side of the door. J.B. looks past her and asks:

J.B. (tensely)
What did you come for? You don't owe me anything -

Constance
I am going to do - what I want to do - take care of you, cure you, and remain with you till that happens.

J.B. (angrily)
But you can't! You can't help hide a criminal. You're not going to jeopardize your standing as a doctor - You're just getting started. I won't let you be stupid about it.

Constance
I couldn't bear it - away from you. I went through yesterday holding my breath - as if I were being hunted. I couldn't eat or work. Or do anything but think of you. So I had to come - I'll rent a room on this floor. I'm here - as your doctor - only. It has nothing to do with love.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Constance
(when the kiss is over)
Nothing at all.

DISSOLVE:

171 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND and we see J.B. lying on a couch. Constance is sitting in a chair near his head.

Constance
Try remembering. Let your mind go back to your childhood -- was it happy? Whom did you know in your childhood?

J.B.
(talking with his eyes closed)
I'm haunted - but I can't see by what. It's no use.

Constance
(calmly)
You lived somewhere. You had a mother. You were loved. You had friends.

J.B. (grimly)
Yes. Probably a wife.

172 CLOSEUP

Constance looks away for a moment.

Constance
Can you remember her?

173 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two.

J.B. (irritably)
Oh - I didn't say I had one - I said I probably had.
(he looks at her and sighs)
No darling. Thank heaven I can't remember a wife.

Constance
I would like to ask you a medical question.

J.B (nervously)
Constance - do you mind not prodding me? It mixes me up and -
(He takes her hand)
I can't remember anything - except that I love you.

Constance (firmly)
How would you diagnose a pain in the right upper quadrant? A pain that is persistent.

J.B.
Gall bladder - or possibly a heart case....or pneumonia. Depending on the patient's history.

CONTINUED:

173 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
It's obvious you're a doctor.

J.B.
Yes. The eminent Doctor X.
(he smiles at her)

Constance
Your diagnosis just now. If we can unlock one tiny memory - it will give us a key to the others.

J.B.
No.
(he sits up slowly)
The only thing that comes to my mind - that I keep thinking of over and over - is the logic of the situation.

Constance (quietly)
What logic?

J.B. (grimly)
That it was I who was with Edwardes.
(he picks up the newspaper which lies on the couch beside him and reads:)
"Police believe the impostor who escaped from Green Manors to be the patient who visited the real Dr. Edwardes in the Cumberland Mountains the day that the noted psychiatrist disappeared. No trace of Dr. Edwardes has been found since he left the Cumberland resort in the company of his supposed patient."

Constance (gently)
Do you remember that?

J.B.
No.

Constance
Then why do you believe you were with him?

J.B. (frowning)
Because wherever we went I came back with his identity. I wouldn't have come back as Dr. Edwardes if I hadn't known that he was dead. And how would I have known that he was dead if I hadn't been with him when he died?

Constance
Were you?

J.B. (frowning)
I - I don't remember. But - logically I know that I must have been, and logically I also know why the body hasn't been found.
(he pauses and stares at her, and then adds)
Because it was hidden - by me.

CONTINUED:

173 CONTINUED (3)

Constance
Don't you see that you're imagining all this? You call yourself names. You insist without proof, that you're a murderer.
(she smiles at him)
You know what that is, don't you? Whoever you are - it's a guilt complex that speaks for you - a guilt fantasy that goes way back to your childhood.

J.B. (softly)
I think you're quite mad - you're much crazier than I, to do all this for a creature without a name. To run off with a - a pair of initials.

Constance
The police haven't given your name or case history to the papers.
(As Constance is talking, J.B. reaches over and takes her hand)
That must mean only one thing that your name was not in Dr. Edwardes' files -
(Her eyes are on his hand; she speaks in a sudden sharp, accusative voice)
You were in an accident!

174 CLOSEUP

J.B. The sharpness of her voice startles him. He looks at her with sudden terror in his eyes. She continues in the same accusative tones:

Constance's voice
Where was it? What happened to your hand? Your hand was burned. You've had an operation in the last six months. A skin graft. Third degree burns. Your hand was burned! Where!

While she speaks, THE CAMERA SWINGS FROM HIS FACE DOWN TO HIS HAND held by hers. It moves up her arm and comes to rest on her face.

175 CLOSEUP

J.B. His face contorts.

J.B.
It hurts.

Constance (commandingly)
Try remembering.

J.B.
My hand hurts!

Constance
Your hand is remembering. Open your mind and the pain will leave. Where did it happen?

J.B. (sweat on his forehead)
I can't. It hurts!

Constance (commandingly)
What happened?

J.B. (in agony)
It's burning. My hand's burning!

Constance
Try to remember!

176 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance watches him intently, almost desperately. Her eyes holding him compellingly. She leans forward in alarm.

177 SEMI-CLOSEUP

We see J.B. falling back. Constance struggles to remain a doctor despite her pity and love, but at the sight of him inert and spent, her emotion overcomes her.

178 CLOSEUP

She leans over him. There are tears in her eyes as she whispers:

Constance
Oh, my dear -- are you all right?

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY as J.B. replies weakly:

J.B.
I'm all right.
(he looks up at her)
What happened?

Constance
You relived an accident you've been in. But the memory only touched the part of your mind that feels. But it's a beginning. It - really is.
(she smoothes his brow and her voice grows tender)
You'll feel better - soon - -

The doorbell rings. Constance looks around nervously and then, hesitating a moment, rises and goes to the door. She opens it. The bellboy is standing in the hall holding two newspapers.

J.B.
Who could that be?

Constance
Oh I know - I sent down for the later editions of the papers.

Bellboy
You ordered the afternoon papers, didn't you?

Constance
Yes.

Bellboy
They just came in. I brought 'em right up.

Constance
Just a minute.

She leaves the picture and goes into the room. THE CAMERA MOVES IN TOWARD the bellboy who glances at the front page of the paper in his hand.

179 CLOSEUP

A picture of Constance's face on the front page. The caption reads:

"POLICE HUNT DR. CONSTANCE PETERSEN BELIEVED AIDING MADMAN WANTED IN EDWARDES' MYSTERY".

180 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance returns to the picture. The bellboy looks up as she speaks:

Constance
Here you are.

Bellboy
Oh, thanks.

The bellboy looks quickly from her face back to the newspaper as he hands them over to her. He gives her another glance as he goes off.

181 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As the bellboy goes off down the passage, he turns and looks back twice.

182 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - CLOSEUP

(Angle shooting through open door from hall)

Constance is still watching him, then she turns with an alarmed expression. She crosses quickly to J.B. She seizes his arm and says in a tense voice:

Constance
My picture's in the paper. He recognized me. We've got to go. Quick. We can't pack.

She closes the door, blotting the scene from the camera.

DISSOLVE:

183 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The couple emerge from the bedroom door and hurry away fown the corridor.

184 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Constance and J.B. emerge from the elevator and hurry through the crowds.

185 SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see them pass through the revolving doors to the street. THE CAMERA PANS OFF and we see the bellboy hurrying to the house detective. We cannot hear what he is saying because of the general hubbub in the lobby. THE CAMERA CREEPS IN all the time the boy is gesticulating and explaining something to the moon-faced detective. As we get nearer to the detective's face we see its expression - at first unbelieving, now it is becoming more and more ferocious.

As he starts to move toward the reception desk,

LAP DISSOLVE:

186 INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION - DAY - LONG SHOT

We see a vast shot of Pennsylvania Station with its swarming crowds crossing to and fro.

LAP DISSOLVE:

187 SEMI-LONG SHOT

A NEARER VIEW by the ticket windows. We see a short queue of people. Constance and J.B. come toward the tail end of it.

LAP DISSOLVE:

188 CLOSEUP

Constance & J.B. in line. Constance talks quietly to him.

Constance
Now, listen carefully. I want to try something. I want to find out where you and Dr. Edwardes went - after you left the Cumberlands.

J.B. (muttering)
I don't know.

Constance
Yes, you do. The memory is buried in you. I want it to come out. It will, if you do what I say. Listen, when you left the mountains, you must have passed through New York. Wherever you went, wherever you came from you must have been in a railroad station. You must have heard Edwardes ask for tickets to somewhere.

They move along again.

CONTINUED:

188 CONTINUED (2)

J.B. (muttering)
I don't remember.

Constance
You will. When you come to the ticket window try to relive that other time with Edwardes. Try to repeat what was said then. Ask for the same tickets.

J.B. (dully)
I'll try.

They move along and slightly away from THE CAMERA so that we see they are standing behind one last purchaser at the window.

189 CLOSEUP

Constance whispers into his ear.

Constance
You went some place with Edwardes. Ask for tickets to that same place.

190 SEMI-CLOSEUP

J.B., with Constance at his side, has arrived at the ticket window. He stands staring through the grille at the clerk. He makes no sound and doesn't move.

Clerk
What is it?

J.B. is silent. The clerk scowls.

Clerk
What do you want, sir?

Another pause.

Clerk
Please step aside.

J.B. (slowly)
I want two tickets --
(he breaks off)

Clerk
Where to?

191 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The queue behind J.B. and Constance begins to lean their heads out impatiently. A policeman begins to stroll toward THE CAMERA.

192 CLOSEUP

J.B. is almost sweating with desperation. His mouth moves as though he were suffering from a dreadful stammer.

193 CLOSEUP

The clerk behind the counter moves impatiently.

194 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The policeman alongside Constance and J.B. looks curiously. Constance almost leads J.B. away in desperation; then slowly J.B. speaks:

J.B.
Rome.

195 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The clerk looks puzzled.

Clerk
To where?

196 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The group. J.B. repeats:

J.B.
Rome.

Clerk
What Rome?

Constance steps beside J.B.

Constance
He means Rome, Georgia.

The clerk busies himself with the ticket rack.

J.B. almost mechanically puts a hundred dollar bill down on the counter. The clerk busies himself with the tickets and change.

The policeman comes alongside Constance, who is holding the swaying J.B.

Policeman
Anything wrong?

CONTINUED:

196 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
My husband is ill. I'm taking him home.

Clerk
Here you are. Two tickets to Rome, Georgia.

Constance
He'll be all right in a minute. These dizzy spells go away - quickly.

Policeman
He looks pretty sick. I'll call a doctor.

Constance
Oh, no. He'll be all right.
(she presses close to J.B.)
Do you feel better now, darling?
(his eyes turn to her and remain fastened. She repeats, tenderly but commandingly)
Darling.

J.B. (thickly)
Yes.

Constance (close to his ear)
Pull yourself together! You're all right.

She collects the change from the counter while the policeman supports the swaying J.B. J.B. straightens up as she leans in and asks the clerk, who is busy with another passenger:

Constance
When does the train for Rome leave?

Clerk
Birmingham Special leaves in ten minutes. Track Seventeen.

J.B.
I feel better.

Constance (to policeman)
Thank you.

Policeman
That's all right, lady. I'll take you to the train -- in case anything happens.

Constance
He's recovered now. You're very nice to offer help, but I can get along now. Thank you.

She moves off out of the picture. The policeman stands looking after them. One or two of the crowd watch them go.

197 INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION - GATE 17 - DAY - LONG SHOT

FROM THE POLICEMAN'S VIEWPOINT we see them moving toward Gate 17. Constance turns and looks back over her shoulder.

198 SEMI-CLOSEUP AT GATE

Constance shows the tickets, and looks around casually as they enter the gate.

199 SEMI-CLOSEUP

They walk towards the train, CAMERA FOLLOWING THEM.

Constance (softly, as they walk)
Act as if we're taking this train. We'll walk down a ways, and then turn back.

J.B. (quizzically)
What's the matter with this train?

Constance
A policeman heard us buy the tickets.

J.B.
Did he act suspicious?

Constance
No. He was very nice.
(she stops and looks back towards the entrance. She leads J.B. back the way they came)
But when he goes to his police station tonight, he may find descriptions of us posted. And he'll remember us. And they'll telegraph Rome, Georgia, and have us picked up.

J.B. (his head continuing to clear)
We can't go back to the hotel. They'll have a million police there - by this time.

Constance
We're not going back.
(thinking fast)
We're going to Rochester. Come on -- we're going to the Grand Central Station.

LAP DISSOLVE:

200 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY - LONG SHOT

The same swarming crowd moves about the Grand Central Station as they did at the Pennsylvania.

LAP DISSOLVE:

201 A NEARER VIEW

by one of the track entrances. J.B. is standing in the foreground. Constance approaches him. He is reading a newspaper. CAMERA MOVES UP as Constance joins him and they start walking towards the barrier, CAMERA FOLLOWING THEM.

J.B.
By the way, what are we going to Rochester for?

Constance
We're going to visit Dr. Brulov.

J.B.
Oh. The fellow who doesn't like sauce bottles.

Constance
He was my analyst. He psychoanalyzed me.

J.B.
Really! What - what was wrong with you?

Constance (a little irritably)
All analysts have to be psychoanalyzed by other analysts before they start practicing.

J.B. (owlishly)
Oh. That's to make sure they're not too crazy.

They are walking toward the train gate.

Constance (tartly)
Apparently, the mind is never too ill to make jokes about psychoanalysis.

J.B.
I'm sorry.
(he beams at her)
I'm a pig.

Constance (smiling)
No. I am. I keep forgetting you're a patient.

J.B.
So do I. When I hold you like this I feel entirely well. Darling, will you love me just as much - when I'm normal?

Constance
Oh - I'll be insane about you.

CONTINUED:

201 CONTINUED (2)

J.B.
I am normal! At least there's nothing wrong with me that a nice long kiss wouldn't cure.

Constance (softly)
I've never treated a guilt complex - that way - before.

They move away from THE CAMERA slightly. J.B. stops and looks about him. There are a number of couples kissing and saying goodbye. He takes her into his arms.

Constance (as they kiss)
We don't want to attract attention.

J.B. (still holding her)
Everybody's doing it.

They come out of the embrace and approach the gateman. Constance hands him the tickets. The gateman looks at her curiously.

Gateman
You both going?

Constance
Yes -- yes.

The gateman punches their tickets and shakes his head. They pass through the gate. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until the gateman IS IN CLOSEUP. He looks after them and then turns back with a bewildered expression on his face.

202 INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Constance and J.B. enter and, closing the door after them, become seated. Constance sits on the long seat while J.B. occupies the armchair. He opens a paper.

Constance
Don't read the papers. Let's pick up where we left off.

J.B.
Pick up what?

203 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two, as the train starts to move.

Constance
Try to recall the first moment you thought you were Edwardes.

CONTINUED:

203 CONTINUED (2)

J.B.
(he leans over and takes her hands)
Darling - I have a confession to make.

Constance
I'm listening.

The train emerges into the daylight from the tunnel of Grand Central Station. The compartment is flooded with light. We can see uptown New York streets through the window.

J.B.
As a doctor you irritate me. I sit here swooning with love and then suddenly you ask me a question and I don't like you any more.

Constance is smiling.

J.B. (continued)
Do you have to sit there smiling at me like some smug know-it-all school teacher?

Constance
I can't help smiling. That's what happens in analysis. As the doctor begins to uncover the truth in the patient, said patient develops a fine, hearty hatred - of said doctor.
(she smiles at him)
You're going to hate me - a great deal - before we're through.

J.B.
And you're going to like that?

Constance
As a scientist - yes.

J.B. (softly)
If I should happen to biff you one, you'll consider it a sort of diploma?

Constance
Yes. But don't biff too hard.

204 SEMI-CLOSEUP

He commences to embrace her, but Constance restrains him.

Constance
You know I think we should go on with our investigation. We have some new facts to work with now.

He returns to his seat and sits facing her again.

205 CLOSEUP

J.B. stares. His manner subtly changing to resentment.

J.B.
What facts?

Constance
You are a doctor. You were in an accident. Your hand and forearm were burned. And you were in Rome.

J.B. (staring)
I was never in Rome in my life.

206 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance.

Constance
You were either there, or going there, when you remembered something - no doubt connected with the burning of your hand. Rome - think of Rome - maybe Rome, Italy.
(she looks at him intently and then asks sharply)
When did you go to Rome? What did you do in Rome? Think!

207 CLOSEUP

J.B. looks out of the window and stares down with an expression that he is trying to remember something.

208 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT we see the railroad tracks and ties rushing by.

209 CLOSEUP

BIG HEAD of J.B., breathing heavily from the strain of remembering.

J.B.
(tensely - as he looks out of the window)
Yes. I remember something. Fighter planes spotted us.

210 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two.

Constance (sharply)
You were flying.

J.B.
Transport - medical corps. Over Rome. Heading north.

Constance (sharply)
What happened?

J.B.
(in a sweat, as he struggles to hold the memory)
They hit us. Caught fire. Uniform burned. Bailed out.

Constance
What else!

J.B. (staring dully at her)
I don't know. It blacks out.

Constance
You left the army.

J.B. (angrily)
Yes. Probably deserted. I hated it. I hated killing. I can remember that much.

Constance (firmly)
Your guilt fantasies were obviously inflamed by your duties as a soldier.

J.B. (savagely)
Oh, stop it! Babbling like some phony King Solomon! You sit there full of half-witted double talk - that makes no sense. If there's anything I hate it's a smug woman.

211 CLOSEUP

Constance leans forward and takes his hands. THE CAMERA MOVES IN to take in their TWO BIG HEADS.

Constance
Darling, we're just beginning. Don't biff too hard yet.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

212 EXT. BRULOV'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Brulov's house is on a suburban street in Rochester. A cab is driving away as Constance and J.B. walk up the steps of the modest house.

213 SEMI-CLOSEUP

They come up to the door.

Constance
I worked with Dr. Brulov as his assistant for a year. Immediately after my interneship. He got me the post at Green Manors.
(she rings the doorbell)
You'll like Alex.

J.B.
I doubt that.
(he grins at her)
One psychoanalyst in my hair is enough. What are you going to tell him?

Constance (smiling and holding his arm)
That we're on a honeymoon.

J.B. (smiling at her)
Doctor, you think of the most wonderful prescriptions.

The door is opened by a middle-aged woman in a nondescript hat and coat. She is obviously a charwoman on her way home.

Constance
Good evening. Is Dr. Brulov in?

Woman
No. He went out right after dinner. He ought to be back soon.
(picks up a bulging paper shopping bag from the floor and moves to go out)
Would you mind telling him I've left his supper on the table? I'm sorry but I can't wait any longer.
(as an afterthought she indicates the living room)
There are two gentlemen waiting for him in there.
(She goes out, closing the door behind her.)

Constance and J.B. go toward the living room.

214 INT. BRULOV'S LIVING ROOM. MEDIUM SHOT. NIGHT

Two men half rise as Constance and J.B. enter. One is a tall, lean, sour-faced man; the other short and thickset.

J.B. nods, and Constance mutters nervously:

Constance
How do you do?

Gillespie
How do you do?

J.B.
How do you do?

Constance sits and J.B. takes a chair near her. The two men resume their seats on the opposite side of the room. The scene presents the appearance of a doctor's waiting room with four prospective patients.

There is an awkward pause.

215 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two men. The shorter one addresses the other:

Gillespie
How's your mother been lately?

Cooley
Oh, she's still complaining about rheumatism. She figures I ought to get myself transferred down to Florida. I said, "Do you expect me to sacrifice all chance of promotion just because you've got rheumatism?"

Gillespie
Did you take the subject up with Hennessy?

Cooley
Yes. He says a transfer could be arranged, but I'd probably have to start all over again as a sergeant. I said, "Personally, I think that's unfair, after all the work I did on that narcotics case."

Gillespie
What did Hennessy say to that?

Cooley
Oh, a lot of things. He made some crack about me being a mama's boy.

216 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance and J.B. They exchange looks.

Constance quickly picks up a magazine, opens her purse and takes out her glasses which she puts on, preparatory to reading. Then, trying to hide her nervousness, she fits a cigarette into her holder and fumbles in her bag for a match. Seeing her, J.B. fumbles in his pockets, but can't find a match, either.

Constance's purse slides to the floor.

217 MED. SHOT

As J.B. picks up Constance's purse, Cooley jumps up and strikes a match for her cigarette.

Another awkward pause.

It is broken by the ringing of the telephone on the desk. They all look at it. Constance starts to rise to answer it, but before she can reach it, Cooley turns to Gillespie:

Cooley
Pardon me. That may be for me. I gave headquarters this number.
(into phone)
Hello....
(a pause. His voice changes slightly)
Yes, this is Lieutenant Cooley... Any new developments? ...Well.... When did you find out? ..... No..... Right... I'll be down later. Goodbye.

He hangs up and looks over at Constance and J.B. He purses his lips for a moment in thought and then rejoins Sergeant Gillespie. He sits down next to him, leans over and whispers. There is smug satisfaction on Cooley's face and Gillespie listens in wonderment.

CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY UNTIL IT INCLUDES CONSTANCE AND J.B. ALONE. J.B. stares at her. Constance removes a compact from her purse and starts powdering the tip of her nose.

We hear the sound of a door opening off scene. Constance hears it and rises quickly. J.B. stands up also.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE the door and the two detectives. Dr. Brulov enters. He is a paunchy, near-sighted fellow of seventy, full of Viennese amiability. He has a slight accent. Constance crosses quickly to him.

218 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance
Alex!

Brulov
(peering through his thick-lensed glasses)
Who is it, please? Ah, my old friend.

Constance
(interrupting before he can say her name, her manner gushing)
Alex! I just arrived. I didn't have time to let you know.

Brulov
Imagine! I find you here! I would have come home quicker I was giving a lecture at the army hospital.
(he notices the two policemen)
Are these gentlemen with you?

Constance
No - I'm here with -

Lt. Cooley
(interrupting her and coming forward)
Dr. Brulov, I'm Lieutenant Cooley of the Central Station. This is Sergeant Gillespie.

Brulov
(staring - irritation in his voice)
What for?

Lt. Cooley (calmly)
We thought you might give us some data on Dr. Edwardes.

Brulov
Data! What is this kind of persecution! I told the policeman yesterday, I know nothing about Edwardes.

Lt. Cooley (quietly)
But yesterday you had some theory.

Brulov (angrily)
I explained to the policeman that if Edwardes took along with him on a vacation a paranoid patient, he was a bigger fool than I even knew he was. It is the same as playing with a loaded gun.

Lt. Cooley
Do you think this patient might have killed him?

Brulov
I am not thinking anything. I am not a bloodhound.

Lt. Cooley
Was Dr. Edwardes a great friend of yours?

CONTINUED:

218 CONTINUED (2)

Brulov
What are you talking about! The man was impossible!

Lt. Cooley
You had a quarrel with him when you were back in New York, I understand.

Brulov
Not New York. In Boston! At the psychiatry convention. What kind of an analyst is it who wants to cure psychoses by taking people skating or to a bowling alley!

Lt. Cooley
I understand you threatened to punch his nose.

Brulov
All I did was get up and walk out and kick over a few chairs which nobody was sitting in.
(turning to Cooley)
So you don't have to ask me any more questions. You have now the facts.

Lt. Cooley (quietly)
Thank you very much. I'm sorry to have bothered you. If anything turns up we'll let you know.
(he turns to Constance)
Goodbye, ma'am.
(to J.B.)
Goodnight, sir.

J.B.
Goodnight.

The two police exit. Brulov is staring after them.

Brulov (scowling after them)
What do you suppose they are snooping around me for? The next they will give me is the third degree.
(he smiles at Constance)

Constance
Alex - I'm so glad to see you. I was going to write you. But it happened so suddenly. I got married.

Brulov
Who iss married?

Constance
Alex - my husband - John Brown.

Brulov stares out and then crosses in front of Constance, holding out his hand to J.B., CAMERA PANNING HIM OVER.

J.B. (holding out his hand)
I'm glad to meet you - officially.

CONTINUED:

218 CONTINUED (3)

Brulov (shaking hands)
So you are married! There is nothing so nice as a new marriage. No psychosis yet. No aggressions. No guilt complexes. I congratulate you, and wish you have babies and not phobias.
(turns to Constance)
How about we have a glass of beer - like in the old days?

Constance
The truth is, - we have no hotel room. All the hotels were so crowded and -

Brulov
What do you want with a hotel? That's for millionaires - not love-birds on a honeymoon. You will stay right here. Look - how I am living by myself - with a can-opener. My housekeeper is gone to war. My secretary is a WAC.. And I got a cleaning woman who can't cook and who hates me. Cook me my coffee in the morning - and the house is yours.

They start into the kitchen.

Constance (as they go)
That's wonderful of you, Alex.

219 INT. KITCHEN

They enter. As they talk, Constance goes to the ice box and takes out beer and cheese which she places on a table.

Brulov
There's nothing wonderful about me.
(he takes her hand)
It's nice to see my old assistant.
(to J.B.)
The youngest, but the best one I ever had. But who knows, now? As my old friend Zannebaum used to say, "Women make the best psychoanalysts till they fall in love. After that they make the best patients."

LAP DISSOLVE:

220 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. SEMI-LONG SHOT

The three are walking up the stairs, nearing the top, Brulov leading.

Brulov
Good night and happy dreams - which we will analyze at breakfast.

J.B.
Good night, Dr. Brulov - and thanks for everything.

Brulov
Any husband of Constance is a husband of mine - so to speak.

They are in the upper hall now, and stop at the door of one of the bedrooms.

Constance
Good night, Alex.

221 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM. NIGHT. SEMI-LONG SHOT

As Constance and J.B. enter the moonlit room the latter turns on the light. We see that it is furnished in mid-Victorian style. It has a canopied bed, old Turkish-work couches and chairs. J.B. sits down in a chair in the foreground, very pleased with himself.

J.B.
You were superb - with the police.

Constance turns and stares at him.

Constance
Was I?

J.B. (grinning)
You carried it off like a grade A gun moll.

Constance
I felt terribly stupid for a few minutes. But it turned out - very well.

J.B.
Providing the professor isn't wiser than he seems.

Constance
Alex? Oh, no.

She crosses and opens the bathroom door and peers in; her manner is half abstracted.

CONTINUED:

221 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
Things are a little different here. Someone's been here since my time. Oh, Alex didn't think anything. He's sweet.

J.B.
He may be sweet - but he didn't even ask us where our bags were.

Constance comes out of the bathroom to the foreground, holding a brush.

Constance (removing her hat)
Alex is always like that. He's usually in a complete dream state, socially.
(she begins brushing her hair. She looks around again)
Do you know, this room does look changed. But it isn't. It's I who am changed.
(she looks glowingly at J.B.)
It's called transfer of affects.

J.B.
What is?

Constance
The fact that everything seems so wonderful in this room.

J.B. (smiling)
Oh - that's what it's called, is it?

Constance
(she looks at him and asks in her professorial voice)
Did the police disturb you?

J.B.
Oh no,- one ignores such trifles - on a honeymoon.

She stops her hair brushing and looks at him. He smiles at her.

J.B. (tenderly)
I take it - this is your first honeymoon.

Constance
Yes.
(nervously)
I mean, it would be - if it were.

J.B. rises and moves nearer to Constance, THE CAMERA GOING IN CLOSER. He embraces her gently and kisses her, while she stares at him.

CONTINUED:

221 CONTINUED (3)

J.B.
For what it's worth - I can't remember ever having kissed any other woman before.

Constance
I have nothing to remember - of that nature - either.

J.B. (softly)
You're very sweet.

Constance (scowling)
Of course, I'm no child.

J.B. (soothingly)
Far from it.

Constance
I'm well aware that - we are all bundles of inhibitions.

J.B.(sagely)
Dynamite dumps.

She pulls away from him as he kisses her again.

Constance
No - No - Please - don't do that.

J.B.
Why not?

Constance
It isn't - ethical. I'm here - as your doctor.

J.B.
You may stop worrying, Doctor. I'm going to sleep on the couch.

Constance
No. That's - also unethical.

J.B.
Now, this honeymoon is complicated enough - without your dragging medical ethics into it. I suppose the floor is out?

Constance
The patient - always sleeps in the bed. The doctor occupies the couch - fully dressed.

J.B.
Oh, I see - you know the ropes.

He turns away and approaches the bed, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

222 CLOSEUP

His eyes fasten on a white coverlet.

223 MEDIUM SHOT

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT we see the old-fashioned coverlet with tufted trimming running down its length in straight lines.

224 CLOSEUP

He frowns at what he sees.

225 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance turns and looks at him.

226 SEMI-LONG SHOT

FROM HER VIEWPOINT, we see J.B. staring at the bed cover.

227 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance asks:

Constance
You remember something?

J.B.
No.

She crosses and stands behind him. Her voice becomes sharp and professional.

Constance
This room reminds you of something.

J.B. (curtly)
No.

Constance (sharply)
You are resisting a memory. What is in your mind?

He turns angrily to her.

CONTINUED:

227 CONTINUED (2)

J.B.
I don't know.

Constance (sharply)
Yes, you do. You're resisting it.

J.B. (with suppressed violence)
Don't start that again. Don't stand there with that wiseacre look! I'm sick of your double talk.

Constance
You were looking at the bed. What frightens you? White..... lines.....
(she comes nearer to him; he is shaking)

228 SEMI-CLOSEUP

She looks over his shoulder. We see J.B.'s face trembling and perspiring.

Constance
When I made fork marks on the tablecloth they agitated you. Then - that night you - you kissed me - you pushed me away. Because of my robe. It was white -- it had dark lines on it.
(her voice becomes tense and commanding)
Try to think. Why does the color white frighten you? Why do lines frighten you? Think of white. White.

His eyes glare at the coverlet.

J.B. (hoarsely)
Yes. It frightens me. I can't look.
(he wrenches his eyes away)

Constance (intensely)
Don't run away. Stand still. Look at the white spread. Look at it! Remember!

He turns his face toward the bed again. His breathing becomes increased. Suddenly he covers his face with his hands and pitches onto the bed, THE CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

229 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance watches him anxiously and desperately. She moves toward him and bends over him. She stares at the white coverlet and then whispers to him:

Constance
Darling - darling - you mustn't be frightened. We are making progress. We have the word white - on our side.

She helps him to his feet and leads him to the sofa. He sits down. She begins to undo his collar and tie.

230 CLOSEUP

Constance's hands are in the bottom of the picture. As J.B. turns once more and looks furtively toward the bed.

LAP DISSOLVE:

231 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see the first grey dawn light through the window of the room. Constance is now sleeping in the bed. THE CAMERA MOVES OVER and we see J.B. huddled on the sofa, a blanket over him. CAMERA MOVES IN until J.B.'s sleeping face FILLS THE SCREEN. He opens his eyes and then stares at the window. He turns and looks in the direction of the bed. He rises from the couch slowly, CAMERA PULLING BACK. He pauses beside the bed and looks at Constance.

232 MEDIUM SHOT

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT we see the white coverlet over the bed and Constance sleeping.

233 CLOSEUP

His eyes staring a little. He turns away so that the scene becomes a MEDIUM SHOT. He crosses to a mirror and examines his unshaven face. He turns and paces the room a couple of times aimlessly, and then goes into the bathroom, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

234 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

As he comes in he switches on the light and again examines his unshaven face in the mirror. He feels the stubble on his chin. Then in a gesture of sudden decision he takes up a brush from an old-fashioned shaving mug. He puts it down for a moment and takes an old-fashioned razor from a black case. He opens it and feels the edge. He puts it down and proceeds to lather his face from the mug.

235 CLOSEUP

His eyes begin to stare.

236 CLOSEUP

THE CAMERA RUSHES in to the face in the mirror. It continues on until nothing but the white lather fills the screen.

237 SEMI-CLOSEUP

He begins to wipe the soap from his face with both hands.

238 CLOSEUP

BIG HEAD. The lather has gone from the face. He opens his eyes.

239 SEMI-CLOSEUP

He picks up the razor and brings it with a shaking hand to his face and starts to shave.

240 CLOSEUP

His eyes look down to his hand which is covered with white lather, in fact, it appears to be white all over. The other hand comes up into the picture. This is white also.

241 SEMI-CLOSEUP

BIG HEAD. He looks down and stares at his hands.

242 CLOSEUP

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT he holds the razor over the wrist of his left hand.

243 SEMI-CLOSEUP

He puts the razor down sharply and, turning on the tap, washes the lather from his hands. He picks up a towel. He wipes his hands and face, and then wipes the blade of the razor. The towel drops from his hand and he moves off into the moonlit bedroom, still holding the razor in his hand.

244 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

He crosses to the end of the bed once more and stands by the sleeping Constance. The razor is still held in his hand.

245 CLOSEUP

He stares down at the figure.

246 SEMI-CLOSEUP

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT we see Constance sleeping, strong moonlight across her. CAMERA MOVES IN so that all we can see filling the screen is the white coverlet with dark lines across it.

247 CLOSEUP

The razor in J.B.'s hand. He clenches it a little tighter. CAMERA PANS UP to his desperate expression. He turns away and THE CAMERA PANS HIM to the door from which he passes into the hallway.

248 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

J.B. descends the stairs, coming TOWARDS THE CAMERA. As he gets nearer and nearer the razor fills the screen and then passes on.

249 MED. SHOT

He pulls up just short of the open door of the downstairs living room, through which a strong light is streaming. He moves forward stealthily. We hear Brulov's voice calling from inside.

Brulov's voice
Is that you, Mr. Brown?

J.B. stops in his tracks.

There is the sound of footsteps coming from the room. J.B. stands immobile. Brulov appears in the doorway. He peers about him, unable to see clearly, then he sees J.B.

Brulov (smiling, and "full of himself")
Ah, I thought it was you. I was unable to sleep a wink, so I came down to work. When you are old, you don't need to sleep so much. I am just having a glass of milk and some crackers. Join me, please. I'll get another glass.

The old man takes J.B. by the arm, and, full of chumminess, leads him into the room. Brulov babbles happily away.

Brulov
I am glad to have company. Nobody likes to have crackers and milk by himself.

260 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

J.B. stands just inside the room, as THE CAMERA PANS Brulov into the kitchen. We hear his voice coming from the open door.

Brulov's voice
When I was a young man I was always saying, Ah, if I could only get alone by myself - instead of wasting my time with people - I would be happy.
(he emerges carrying two glasses of milk. He continues chatting.)
Now I am saying always just the opposite. This is the secret of old age. Everything becomes just the opposite.

Brulov has turned his back on J.B. as he puts the things on the table.

251 CLOSEUP

J.B. stares at his back. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until the back of Brulov's white coat fills the screen.

252 CLOSEUP

J.B. begins to breathe with difficulty. Brulov is still chattering on during this.

Brulov
Do you know who makes the most trouble in the world - old people. They are always worrying what is going to be in the world tomorrow - after they are gone. That's why we have wars - because old people got nothing else they can get excited about.

253 CLOSEUP

J.B. still staring

254 MEDIUM SHOT

Brulov crosses and hands J.B. a glass of milk.

Brulov
Well - we will drink to youth - to when we are young and know nothing except living.

255 CLOSEUP

J.B. raises his glass and drinks slowly, his eyes looking into the glass.

256 CLOSEUP

The milk in the glass, coming toward the camera, fills the screen and turns the screen white.

LAP DISSOLVE:

257 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING OVER the end of the bed we see in the foreground the empty couch once occupied by J. B. Beyond, in the four-poster, is the sleeping figure of Constance. We see the early morning sunlight coming through the blinds of the room and cutting across the bed. Constance stirs and awakens. She looks around the room as though wondering where she is, and then, remembering, looks down toward the end of the bed. She sees that J. B. has gone. She throws aside the white coverlet and, sitting on the side of the bed, puts on her shoes. She glances toward the open bathroom door. As soon as her shoes are on she commences to cross to the doorway, and then, hurriedly looking into a mirror, roughly straightens her mussed hair.

258 INT. LANDING - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

She comes out onto the landing and hurries down the stairs.

259 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Constance hurry down the stairs to the open door of the living room. CAMERA MOVES IN as she stops suddenly and pulls up with a horror-stricken expression.

260 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

We see what she sees:

261 MEDIUM SHOT

Slumped in a chair, his collar open, his head lolling lifelessly, is Brulov.

262 LONG SHOT

SHOOTING TOWARD the doorway. Constance is staring at the inert figure. Her hand moves to her throat. She crosses slowly until she comes by the figure of Brulov.

CONTINUED:

262 CONTINUED (2)

Constance

Alex!

(forcing herself to calmness, she puts her hand under the lolling head and lifts it. The old man's eyes open slowly and look at her sightlessly for a moment)

Alex - are you all right?

Brulov comes to. He yawns, and then smiles slowly at her.

Brulov

Good morning. Yes. I am all right, thank you.

(he looks around)

Oh - I fell asleep in the chair.

(he rubs his eyes)

What time is it?

Constance (tensely)

Seven o'clock.

Brulov (beaming)

I was dreaming, this morning I get some real coffee.

263 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance, ignoring Brulov's last remark, says, hesitantly, as though trying to conceal her secret apprehensions:

Constance

My husband must have gone out very early this morning -- You didn't happen.....

264 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Brulov looks up at her and then, nodding his head in another direction across the room, says:

Brulov

He didn't go out -- he's over there on the couch.

265 CLOSEUP

Constance turns and looks across the room in alarm.

266 SEMI-LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint we see the figure of J.B. lying on a couch.

267 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two. Constance turns back to Brulov, inquiringly.

Brulov
He is all right. He is sleeping fine. My dear child, do you think old Alex Brulov, one of the biggest brains who is in psychiatry, is unable to make out two and two come out four?

Constance (a little embarrassed)
I should have known!

Brulov
The moment I see you with a husband whose pupils are enlarged, who has a tremor of the left hand, who is on a honeymoon with no baggage and whose name is John Brown - I know practically what is going on.

Constance crosses to the couch, CAMERA FOLLOWING HER. She sits down beside the sleeping figure and looks at the closed eyes tenderly. She looks back to Brulov.

Constance
What happened?

268 MED. SHOT

Brulov, from her viewpoint.

Brulov (smugly)
Only what I expected. There is no use taking chances with a possibly dangerous case. I sit here -- waiting. If you scream, I am ready. So he comes downstairs. And he is dangerous. I can see by his face. So I keep talking while I put some bromide into a glass of milk - enough to knock out three horses. When he falls down, I run up to see you. You are sleeping like a baby. And I come back here - to watch out.

269 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance moves her hand protectingly to the sleeping man's shoulder.

Constance
The struggle against his condition agitates him - at times. But there is no danger in him.

Brulov picks up an object from a nearby side table. He opens the razor.

CONTINUED:

269 CONTINUED (2)

Brulov
This is what I found in his hand last night.

Brulov rises and crosses over to her, showing her the razor. We now have the two in SEMI-CLOSEUP with the sleeping figure of J.B. beyond. Constance stares at the razor.

Constance
He didn't know he had that.
(her voice grows anxious)
Alex, you mustn't think that. He didn't try to do anything to you. He couldn't.

Brulov (gently)
My dear child, he is not responsible.

Constance (straightening)
That's not correct!

Brulov (quietly)
I am just a little more experienced with this type than you.

Constance
I grant you, you know infinitely more than I do, but in this case---

Brulov
(interrupting, his voice a little sharper)
Do not complete the sentence with the usual female contradictions. You grant me I know more than you, but on the other hand, you know more than me. Women's talk! Bah!
(he starts to his desk)

270 CLOSEUP

Constance, in alarm, watches him cross the room.

Constance
Alex, what are you going to do?

Brulov (by the desk)
Something more for you than for me.

Constance rises and crosses to the desk beside him, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER.

Constance
Alex -

Brulov
I am calling the police.

CONTINUED:

270 CONTINUED (2)

Constance (sharply)
No! No! Please.

Brulov (turning with surprise)
You are giving me orders! My own pupil!

Constance
You don't know this man! You know only science. You know his mind but you don't know his heart.

Brulov
We are speaking of a schizophrenic and not a valentine.

Constance (angrily)
We are speaking of a man.

Brulov
Oh!
(he turns from the phone and starts filling a pipe. She is silent)
Love!
(he looks up at her and smiles)
Look at you, Dr. Petersen, the promising psychoanalyst is now all of a sudden a school girl in love with an actor. Nothing else!

Constance (tensely)
Alex, let me tell you about him!

Brulov
What is there for you to say? We both know that the mind of a woman in love is operating on the lowest level of the intellect.
(he lights his pipe, muttering)
My doctor told me not to smoke in the morning, but I am too excited!

Constance (taking his arm)
You are right. I am not an analyst. Not even a doctor - here. I'm not talking to you as one.

Brulov smokes and peers at her.

Constance
But, believe me! Not what I say - but what I feel. The mind isn't everything. The heart can see deeper - sometimes. The shock of a police investigation might ruin his chances for recovery and I can save him.

Brulov (quietly)
But if he killed Dr. Edwardes - how can you help him?

Constance (passionately)
He didn't! He didn't!

Brulov
But if it turns out he did - which I am good and certain it will -

271 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance collapses into a chair. Tears appear in her eyes.

Constance
It won't! You yourself taught me what Freud says -
(she gulps, unable to stop her tears)
-- that a man cannot do anything in amnesia that his real character wouldn't have done.

272 CLOSEUP

Brulov.

Brulov (excitedly)
And how do you know what his real character is!

273 CLOSEUP

Constance, her tears continuing:

Constance
I know. I know.

Brulov continues to move around his desk, waving his arm.

Brulov
She knows! This is the way science goes backward! Who told you what he is? Freud? Or a crystal ball?

274 CLOSEUP

Constance, sobbing.

Constance
I couldn't feel this way toward a man who was bad - who had committed murder. I couldn't feel this pain for someone who was evil.

275 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Brulov begins to walk up and down the room, puffing on his pipe violently. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM.

Brulov (he roars suddenly)
You are twenty times crazier than him!
(he begins to talk to himself)
She couldn't love him if he was no good! This is baby-talk.... Nothing else!
(he looks suddenly at her)
What do you want I should do?

275 CONTINUED (2)

He crosses over to Constance and stands by her.

Constance (weeping)
Give me time to treat him - and cure him - before the police find him and shock him into an incurable condition.

Brulov
This could take a year.

Constance
No, no.

Brulov (glaring at her)
All right, half a year. We should sit and hide for a half a year, waiting to find out if he is going to cut your throat, my throat, and set fire to the house. My dear child, even to a woman in love such a situation must seem a little unreasonable.

Constance (looking desperately at him)
Alex - just a few days. Before you turn him over let me try - just a few days more. And if I can't do anything - if we both can't - then you can call the police.
(she holds his arm eagerly)
You are not hiding a criminal. There is no evidence against him - except his own guilt fantasies. He is wanted only as a possible witness - as to what happened to Dr. Edwardes. But in his present condition he could tell the police nothing.
(pleadingly)
Don't you see - we are doing nothing against the law. We are helping them - by investigating the patient - as doctors. Not criminals. Doctors who want the truth - even more than they do.

Brulov (slowly)
All right.

Constance
You'll wait.

Brulov
(patting her shoulder and smiling - and going to the doorway with her)
Go - make me coffee. I will pretend to myself - I'm acting sensible - for a few days.

Constance
Oh, Alex. Thank you, Alex.
(she beams at him)
I'll make you coffee with an egg in it -
(She looks back at the sleeping J.B., and starts for the kitchen)

Brulov turns back into the room.

276 MEDIUM SHOT

Brulov goes to J.B., leans over and shakes him. J.B. stirs and looks up. Brulov watches him, and refills his pipe. CAMERA MOVES IN SLIGHTLY. The two men fill the screen.

J. B. (foggily)
Who are you?

Brulov
I am Doctor Brulov.

J. B. (thickly)
Brulov - Oh, yes. That's right.
(he 'tastes' his mouth and scowls)
Bromides. Who's been feeding me bromides?

Brulov
I gave you - to sleep.

J. B.
(sitting up, his head in his hands; he mutters at the floor)
Brulov. Oh - yes. Rochester.

Brulov sits down, facing him. He speaks casually.

Brulov
What is your name?

J. B. (heavily)
I don't know.
(his head clears - he looks up from his bent posture)
Constance told you.

Brulov
Nobody told me. If I don't know a patient with amnesia when I see one, what do I know?
(Brulov carries his tobacco loose in his pocket. He refills his pipe)
You don't remember your father or mother?

J. B. (slowly)
No.

Brulov
Wife, or sweetheart?

J. B. (irritably)
No!

Brulov
Don't fight me. I am going to help you - if I can. I am going to be your father image. I want you to look on me like your father. Trust me. Lean on me. This is a short-cut. But we haven't much time.

CONTINUED:

276 CONTINUED (2)

J. B.
(closing his eyes and hugging his head with his hands)
All right. Go on. I'm leaning.

Brulov
Maybe you got something you want to tell me. A single thought. A few words in the corner of your head. Go on - talk to me. Whatever comes into your head - just say what it is.

J. B.
(heavily - staring at the floor - after a pause)
Nothing. There's nothing.

Brulov
Maybe you dreamt something.

J. B. (frowning)
Yes.

Brulov
What did you dream?

J. B. (scowling)
I don't believe in dreams. That Freud stuff is a lot of hooey.

Brulov
You are a fine one to talk! You got amnesia. And you got a guilt complex. And you don't know if you are coming or going from some place. But Freud is hooey. This you know!
(he puffs his pipe and sneers)
Wise guy!

J. B. looks with more interest at him. A half grin forms on his mouth.

J. B. (smiling faintly)
You don't like me - papa.

Brulov (irritably)
Do you want I should help you - or not?

J. B. (quietly)
I'm sorry.

277 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Brulov
I explain to you about dreams so you don't think it is hooey. The secrets of who you are and what has made you run away from yourself--all these secrets are buried in your brain, but you don't want to look at them. The human being very often does not want to know the truth about himself. Because he thinks it will make him sick. So he makes himself sicker trying to forget. You follow me?

278 SEMI-CLOSEUP

J.B.

J.B. (nodding slowly)
Yes.

279 MEDIUM SHOT

Constance enters with coffee and toast on a tray. She comes across and puts the tray down on an end table beside the couch. Scene includes Brulov and J.B.

Constance (looking worriedly at J.B.)
How do you feel?

Brulov (as he sees tray)
Ah - coffee.

J.B. (grunting)
Awful.

His hands clasp his head. His back is to the windows beyond, where a heavy snow is falling.

Brulov
The patient is going to tell us what he dreamt.

Constance
Fine. I'll take notes. I'll get my glasses.

280 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Brulov eats as he talks.

Brulov
Now here is where dreams come in... They tell you what you are trying to hide. But they tell it to you all mixed up like pieces of a puzzle that don't fit. The problem of the analyst is to examine this puzzle and put the pieces together in the right place - and find out what the devil you are trying to say to yourself.

J.B.
Let's see. I kept thinking while I was dreaming that all this meant something. There was some other meaning in it that I ought to find out.

Constance
We'll find out.

Constance crosses to the desk and sits down, then takes up a pencil and paper to make notes.

J. B.
I can't make out just .....

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

281 CLOSE SHOT

Light effect against grey background. CAMERA MOVES IN.

J. B.'s Voice
....what sort of a place it was.

LAP DISSOLVE:

282 CLOSEUP (IMPRESSIONISTIC SHOT)

Single large eyes are painted on drapes of black. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER as still other eyes are superimposed, filling the screen.

LAP DISSOLVE:

283 LONG SHOT - GAMBLING ROOM

The painted black drapes hang in the background. People sit at tables playing cards, J.B. and another man playing at a table in foreground.

J. B.'s Voice
It seemed to be a gambling house but there weren't any walls - just a lot of curtains with eyes painted on them.

284 MED. SHOT

J.B. and man playing cards.

J. B.'s Voice
A man was walking around with a large pair of scissors cutting all the drapes in half.

285 MED. SHOT - GAMBLING ROOM

A man is cutting the drapes with a large pair of scissors as the CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER. The drape falls revealing another eye. Superimposed over this we see a scantily dressed girl enter and approach J.B.'s table.

J. B.'s Voice
And then a girl came in with hardly anything on and started walking around the gambling room kissing everybody.

LAP DISSOLVE:

286 INT. BRULOV'S LIVING ROOM - GROUP SHOT - J.B., CONSTANCE AND BRULOV

Brulov
Did you recognize this kissing bug?

J.B.
Well, I - I - I'm afraid she looked a little like Constance.

Brulov
Uh-huh. This is plain, ordinary wishful dreaming. Go on.

J.B. (closes his eyes and tries to remember)
Well, I was sitting there playing cards with a man who had a beard....

LAP DISSOLVE:

287 MED. LONG SHOT - GAMBLING ROOM

J.B. and partner. The man's hand is in the f.g. holding some oversized cards. He throws the cards over. We see they are blank. A masked man enters and begins gesticulating to Dr. Edwardes. (J.B.'s partner), as CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSEUP of his masked face.

J.B.'s Voice
I was dealing to him and I turned up the seven of clubs. He said, "That makes twenty-one - I win." But when he turned up his cards, they were blank. Just then the proprietor came in and accused him of cheating. The proprietor yelled, "This is my place and if I catch you cheating again, I'll fix you."

LAP DISSOLVE:

288 INT. BRULOV'S LIVING ROOM

J.B.
I'm sorry about that kissing bug.

Constance
I'm glad you didn't dream of me as an egg-beater as one of my patients did.

J.B.
Why? What would that mean?

Constance
Never mind.

J.B.
Well, does it make any sense to you - what I've dreamed?

Constance
Not yet. You were trying to tell yourself something. What it is, we'll figure out later.

J.B.
There's a lot more to it.

Brulov
Go on and try to recall the details. The more cockeyed, the better for the scientific side of it.

J.B.
(leans back and starts again to relate his dream)
He was standing.....

LAP DISSOLVE:

289 EXTREME LONG SHOT - ROOFTOP
(Impressionistic scenery in b.g.)

We see a man standing on the rooftop, leaning over the edge. The CAMERA MOVES FORWARD as the man falls off the roof and out of the picture. He resembles Dr. Edwardes the man who was playing cards with J.B. in earlier illustration of dream. The masked man steps from behind a tall chimney on the roof and watches the other plunge off. He holds a small wheel in his hand.

J.B. (o.s.)
.....on a sloping roof on top of a high building. It was the man with the beard. He was leaning over the edge of the roof. I - I yelled at him to watch out. I knew he was going to fall, but I couldn't do anything about it. Then he went over - slowly - with his feet in the air. And then I saw the proprietor again - the man in the mask. He was hiding behind a tall chimney and he had a small wheel.

290 MED. SHOT

The masked man is laughing as the CAMERA MOVES IN to him. He drops the wheel on the roof and the CAMERA PANS down to it until the wheel fills the screen.

J.B. (o.s.)
.....in his hand. I saw him drop the wheel on the roof.

LAP DISSOLVE:

291 PUFFS OF SMOKE

Smoke fills the screen.

LAP DISSOLVE:

292 MED LONG SHOT (IMPRESSIONISTIC)

A weird deserted desert. J.B. is running across toward the background where we see Constance seated at a desk.

J.B. (o.s.)
And then suddenly I was running. And then there was Constance sitting in a weird deserted place. I ran toward her but she disappeared.

LAP DISSOLVE:

293 EXTREME LONG SHOT

J.B. is running down the side of what appears to be a large pyramid. A huge pair of wings appears over his head and chases him down the pyramid.

J.B. (o.s.)
Then I heard something beating over my head. It was a great pair of wings. The wings chased me and almost caught up.....

294 MED. SHOT

J.B. approaches the bottom of the pyramid, still running. He runs out of the picture just as the wings are about to catch him.

J.B. (o.s.)
....with me when I came to the bottom of the hill.

LAP DISSOLVE:

295 INT. BRULOV'S LIVING ROOM

The three again.

J.B.
I must have escaped. I don't remember. That's all there was. I woke up and saw Dr. Brulov.

Constance comes over with a cup of coffee.

Constance
Have some coffee.

296 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance gets up from the desk and we FOLLOW HER across the room as she joins the other two.

J.B.
Something - is happening.

Constance
What is it?

297 CLOSEUP

We see a new expression come over J.B.'s face. His eyes move furtively from one side to the other as though he feels something over his shoulder. The CAMERA PULLS BACK slowly as he turns around and rises. When he has completed his turn, we have PULLED BACK far enough to see that the snow is falling through the window beyond.

Brulov and Constance watch him in silence.

J.B.'s figure begins to crumple a little. He turns back quickly from the snow. He sinks to the couch.

Constance and Brulov look down at him.

Constance (softly, as she stares at him)
The snow.

Brulov (quietly)
The light frightened him. Photophobia.

Constance
No. It was the snow.

298 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance looks from J.B. again out of the window. Through it she sees:

299 LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint, three small boys appear on a small street hill beyond. They carry a bobsled. They flop on it and race down the hill. The second group arrives at the top of the street and goes down on a sled. A girl of twelve has a small sled of her own. She joins the coasting down the street hill.

300 CLOSEUP

Constance, watching the scene, her eyes narrowing slightly.

301 LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint, THE CAMERA GOES FORWARD until the windowpanes disappear from the scene so that we get just a full view of the hill and sled marks. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD far enough so that we see nothing on the screen except snow and sharp, dark lines across it.

302 CLOSEUP

Constance, still looking out. She looks down toward the coffee table.

303 CLOSEUP

From her viewpoint we see the white napkin on the table.

304 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Looking back toward the hill, she picks up the small sugar tongs from the table and looking down at the napkin again begins to draw lines across it.

305 CLOSEUP

The prongs of the sugar tongs are making strong indontations on the white napkin.

306 CLOSEUP

Constance looks from this towards L.P.

307 MED SHOT

J.B.'s bent head from her viewpoint. Brulov just beyond him looks at her inquiringly.

308 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance, nodding towards the snow.

Constance
That's the white he's afraid of...Snow...And those tracks.

309 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance and Brulov.

Brulov
What tracks?

Constance
The sled tracks in the snow. The first symptom he revealed was shock at the sight of fork lines drawn on a white tablecloth. And - my white robe. It had dark lines. And last night - the white coverlet. Like those dark tracks in the snow.

Dr. Brulov
Pull the blinds down - please!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Brulov crosses to the window blinds. He pulls one down; Constance pulls another. The room darkens.

Constance
Dr. Edwardes was fond of sports. He mentions tennis and skiing in his book, as valuable in the treatment of mental disorders.
(She straightens)
Skiing! Ski tracks in the snow. That's what those dark lines symbolized for him. His horror of them means, of course, that they are immediately connected with the cause of his amnesia.

Brulov (softly)
Yes. A murder on skis.

310 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The cup and saucer fall from J.B.'s fingers. He covers his face with his hands.

LAP DISSOLVE:

311 INT. SAME ROOM

J.B. is sitting on the couch, staring. Constance and Brulov are talking.

Constance (tensely)
Where did Edwardes go for his skiing? We must find out.
(she leans over J.B.)
Can you tell us where? Try!

Brulov
He has told us already. In his dream. Let me see your notes.

She hands him the notebook, and remains at J.B.'s side.

Constance
What can we do for him?

Brulov (staring at the notes)
You are not his mama. You are an analyst. Leave him alone. He will come out of this by himself. Hm. The sloping roof - that means only a mountainside.

Constance (eagerly)
- they were skiing. And the father image, the bearded man, is Dr. Edwardes. It's very simple. Edwardes plunged over a precipice while skiing.

Brulov
And then a statue chases him up and down a hill. That could mean he was escaping from a valley.

Constance (eagerly)
Skiing resorts are often called valleys - like Sun Valley. He was being pursued by a winged figure - a witch or a harpy.

Brulov
No. The figure was you - if you grew wings you would be an angel.

Constance (thoughtfully)
The dream was trying to tell him the name of the resort. An angel. Angel Valley.
(J.B. stirs beside her. She helps him sit up and speaks softly to him)
Do you remember Angel Valley?

J.B. (staring at her)
No.

CONTINUED:

311 CONTINUED (2)

Constance (to Brulov)
We can call up a travel agency and check all the resort names.

J.B. (rising - his voice low)
It wasn't Angel Valley. I remember. It was a place called Gabriel Valley.

Constance (softly)
What else do you remember now?

Brulov
Who was the masked figure in your dream?

Constance (eagerly)
It was an accident. Do you remember that? A skiing accident. Dr. Edwardes went over a snow cliff.

J.B.
(staring out of the window - his voice hoarsened)
It - was no accident.
(he turns to her, his face filled with pain)
I can't stand this any more. I've had enough of it. We've got to call the police.
(he sits down heavily in a chair - his words become inaudible. Constance is beside him)

Constance
No. We have to go to Gabriel Valley. You've got to go with me.

LAP DISSOLVE:

312 *INT. POLICE OFFICE. DAY. SEMI-LONG SHOT*

A uniformed policeman is sitting at a side table playing 'Patience'. A police secretary enters with a pile of mail, chiefly police circulars.

Secretary
This is for Cooley when he comes in.

Policeman
I'll tell him.

He lays down the mail. The policeman leans over from his side table and looks at a picture on the top of the pile.

313 CLOSEUP

We see that it is a picture of Constance, with a caption across the top reading: "Dr. Constance Peterson, Wanted by Police for Questioning."

LAP DISSOLVE:

314 INT BRULOV'S LIVING ROOM. DAY. LONG SHOT

We see Constance talking on the telephone, just finishing a conversation. J.B. is standing looking out of the window at the snow.

Constance (into the phone)
At four-forty five? Thank you.
(pause)
Good-bye.

She hangs up and crosses to J.B. CAMERA MOVES IN.

Constance
There's a train leaving in an hour. We can make connections for Gabriel Valley.

She pauses as she comes by his side. He continues to stare out of the window in silence. Then he turns from the window and for a moment puts his arm around her shoulder. He moves away across the room, CAMERA PULLING BACK. Constance looks after him.

J.B. (his voice tender)
I know what I have to do.

He returns to her and takes both her hands.

J.B. (holding her hands)
I can't go on endangering you. I know - about last night.

Constance (tensely)
Nothing happened.

J.B. (softly)
But it will. I've got to end it - before it does.
(he smiles desperately at her)
I love you. But I'm not worth loving.
(she clings to his arms. He whispers)
Darling - you can help me - afterward.

Constance
(clinging to him, her voice low and compelling)
There's no help - afterward. If you give yourself up to the police - in your condition - there is no afterwards - for either of us. I can cure you.

CONTINUED

314 CONTINUED (2)

J.B. (his voice low and desperate)
You can't undo a murder?

Constance (tensely)
There is none to undo.

J.B.
I killed him...

Constance
Stop it!

J.B. (fiercely)
And now - you. Last night I -
(he breaks off and whispers)
Don't try to stop me. I've got to go - - -

Constance (holding him)
Guilt! Guilt! You've lived with it for a long time - haven't you?

J.B.
Yes!

Constance (sharply)
Since childhood.

315 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The startled expression of J.B.

J.B.
What?

316 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance
(tensely, her hands gripping his arms)
Ever since your childhood you have tried to run away from something, you've always felt guilty about anything that happened around you. What was it in your youth? It must have been terrible, for you to prefer to think you murdered Edwardes rather than remember what happened long ago.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as J.B. moves away toward the door, angrily:

J.B.
No.

Constance clings to him, her voice now tearful.

CONTINUED:

316 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
No. You said you loved me. Look at me then.
(she turns him from the door)
Why am I fighting for you? Because I love you. Because I need you.

J.B. (muttering)
I'm nothing -

Constance (tensely)
I want you to come with me to Gabriel Valley.

J.B. (desperately)
What good will that do!

Constance
When you see the hill where the accident happened - you'll remember it. We'll go skiing together - as you did with Edwardes.

J.B. (in a low voice)
I was there with - I - I killed him -

Constance
You'll see your innocence. You'll see what really happened!

J.B. (his voice low)
You mean - because it will happen again -

Constance
Yes.

J.B.
And what if I killed him?

CAMERA SWINGS OVER SLIGHTLY to include Brulov who stands silently in the doorway. Constance looks up at him. Neither answers J.B.'s question.

J.B. (looking from one to the other)
Isn't it true that if the episode is repeated, I'm likely to do the same thing I did before?

Constance and Brulov remain silent.

J.B.
(taking their silence for assent, he turns to Constance, quietly)
Then how do you know I won't kill again?

Constance
Because I'm convinced you didn't kill in the first place.

J.B. in the foreground looks at Constance, a smile on his face.

J.B.
You believe in me enough to take such a chance?

CONT'D

316 CONTINUED (3)

Constance
Of course I do...We're going back to that ski run. We'll find out what it was in your childhood that's haunted you all your life, and we'll also find out what happened to Dr. Edwardes.

She looks confidently at Brulov for his accord.

317 CLOSEUP - BRULOV

He turns away.

318 CLOSEUP - CONSTANCE

Her expression of confidence falters.

LAP DISSOLVE:

319 INT. POLICE STATION

Lieutenant Cooley is at his desk. Gillespie is talking to him. Cooley is looking through the papers left on his desk by the secretary.

Cooley now has Constance's picture in his hand. He is about to throw it down on the pile, when he glances at it again.

320 CLOSEUP

Cooley's hand sketching in eye-glasses on Constance's face.

321 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Cooley and Gillespie. Cooley hands the picture over to Gillespie.

Cooley
Ever see her before?

Gillespie looks at the picture, then the two exchange glances.

Gillespie
Let's go.

LAP DISSOLVE:

322 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. NIGHT

The train is passing through a snow-covered countryside. Constance and J.B. are having dinner. Constance talks as she eats. J.B. sits morosely. his food untouched.

Constance (cheerily ignoring his mood)
I've always loved very feminine clothes - but never quite dared to wear them. But I'm going to, after this. I'm going to wear exactly the things that please me -- and you. Even very funny hats. You know, the kind that make you look a little drunk.

She smiles at him. His eyes are fastened on the knife in her hands as she cuts her food. Constance ignores his intense stare at the knife - after noting it - and continues cheerily:

Constance
I'm sure that after the war, women are going to break out in the most amazing costumes. And I'm going to break out with them.

A sudden roar fills the compartment as a train on the adjoining track flashes by. The lights shooting in through the window illumine wildly the knife in her hand - and J.B. continues staring at it.

LAP DISSOLVE:

323 EXT. VAST SNOWY LANDSCAPE - DAY - LONG SHOT

Two tiny figures carrying skis are toiling up the side of a mountain.

LAP DISSOLVE:

324 MED. SHOT

Constance and J.B. come to a stop. She begins to put on her skis. J.B. stands, still holding his over his shoulder.

325 CLOSEUP

J.B. looking down at her as she puts her skis on.

326 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two. Constance straightens herself and looks at him, her face taut. She says, quietly:

Constance
Put them on.

Without replying and almost with the manner of an automaton, he puts the skis down and commences to adjust them. Eventually he straightens up and looks at her. As though introducing a child to a lesson, she gently touches his arm. They both commence to slide away.

327 SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see them commencing to slide down the slope.

328 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two. J.B. and Constance are coming towards the CAMERA. We can see a growing tenseness coming into J.B.'s face as he stares ahead. Constance divides her attention between the downward slope ahead and J.B. She goes a little ahead of him, then glances over her shoulder as though urging him to follow her.

329 CLOSEUP

J.B. slowly turns his look from concentrating ahead over to Constance.

330 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance, from his viewpoint, speeding slightly ahead of him. She begins to take the form of another man -- obviously Edwardes, who looks over his shoulder back to J.B. and then away again.

331 CLOSEUP

BIG HEAD OF J.B. We see his face assume a queer, distorted expression, as though his mind is trying to grope for something.

332 SEMI-CLOSEUP

From his viewpoint, the back view of the man again.

333 CLOSEUP

J.B.'s expression begins to change into a menacing one, then his expression begins to change again.

334 MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint, the figure of the man slightly ahead of him begins to disappear. For a moment we see the white slope ahead of them and for the first time we see a precipice.

335 CLOSEUP

Constance also sees the precipice.

336 LONG SHOT

FLASH FROM HER VIEWPOINT - THE PRECIPICE. She looks anxiously around for J.B., who is now obsessed.

337 CLOSEUP

BIG HEAD of J.B.

338 LONG SHOT

The slope from his viewpoint, over which we can see the precipice in the distance begin to change.

We now see ahead of us a long, marble balustrade. Beyond it are some spiked railings. At the bottom of the balustrade is a small boy, about five years of age, who has just reached the bottom, after sliding down.

339 CLOSEUP

J.B.'s face, staring down from top of balustrade. It begins to change to himself as a boy of about seven years of age, who is sliding down the balustrade toward the other little boy. We see a look of alarm come on the boy's face (J.B.)

340 MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint, THE CAMERA (TAKING J.B.'S PLACE) IS NOW RUSHING TOWARDS the other little boy.

341 CLOSEUP

FLASH the face of J.B. whose boyish face is distorted with fright.

J.B.
It was something in my childhood - something in my childhood. I remember now. I killed my brother.

342 MEDIUM SHOT

CAMERA has now RUSHED UP to the other little boy and seems to hit him. He bounces off the balustrade and is flung towards the spiked railings. As he hits them the screen seems to be splashed with a dark fluid and blots the scene out.

343 CLOSEUP

FLASH the BIG, DISTORTED EYES of J.B.

344 SEMI-CLOSEUP

There is almost a writhing movement on the screen of two figures. THE CAMERA WHIPS BACK and we see that J.B. has caught up with Constance and has swung around in front of her.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK far enough to see that he has stopped her from going over the edge.

345 CLOSEUP

The two BIG HEADS of Constance and J.B. J.B.'s breath is panting. He manages to breathe out the words:

J.B. (his face gleaming)
I didn't kill my brother! It was an accident! It was an accident.

Constance
That's what has haunted you -- that was the memory you were afraid of.

They are still holding each other, and as they turn and look down at the precipice, the CAMERA PULLS BACK and reveals the sheer drop beneath them.

346 EXT. SNOWY ROAD. DAY. MEDIUM SHOT

A car is drawn up at the side of the road with a flat tire. Gillespie and Cooley, obviously the passengers, are pacing up and down impatiently as the driver is changing the tire. They are freezing cold, bundled in mufflers, and pounding their hands to try to warm them.

Cooley (to man at tire)
How long is this gonna take? Fella could sure pick up a fine case of rheumatism in a place like this!

LAP DISSOLVE:

347 INT. CAROL INN - DAY

A log fire is burning in a rough stone fireplace in the lobby. Constance and J.B. are thawing out in front of the flames.

J.B. (his voice low)
It's like looking into a picture book - an old one. And seeing the familiar pictures, one at a time. I went to Columbia Medical School. Had a girl with a giggle who, luckily, married my roommate, Ken. Oh, by the way, my name is John Ballyntine.

Constance (smiling)
I'm - very pleased to meet you.

J.B.
Another thing - my army record is - all right. I was invalided out. I ran into Dr. Edwardes when I was in the Cumberland Mountains trying to recover from some kind of nerve shock I got from the plane crash. He was on vacation, but I asked him to help me and he invited me to go skiing with him.
(pause)
We went through New York and I vaguely remember going to lunch somewhere. I'm still a little vague about that lunch part. Then we arrived here and the accident happened at that spot.

Constance (softly)
Where you saved me.

J.B.
Now, let's not have any confusion about who saved whom.
(he takes her hand)
Yes - he went over there all right. I'm still a little foggy about it, but I do know that Edwardes was about fifty feet ahead of me when he went over - I saw him plunge.

CONTINUED:

347 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
That was the thing that set you off -- that stirred up your old guilt complex and made you think you had killed him. Then you had to run away from that, too. So you took on the role of Dr. Edwardes to prove to yourself that he wasn't dead and that therefore you hadn't killed him.

J.B. (smiles at her)
Professor, I never quite realized in my amnesic state - how lovely you are.

Constance
Please - now that you've got your head back, you mustn't lose it again.

J.B. (softly)
Too late. I'm beyond cure.
(he puts his arm around her)
How does it feel to be a great analyst?

Constance
Not so bad.

J.B.
And a great detective?

Constance
Wonderful.

J.B.
And madly adored?

Constance
Very wonderful.

J.B.
You'll look wonderful - in white - with a little orange blossom in your hair.

Constance
That sounds vaguely as if it had something to do with marriage.

J.B.
Brilliant analysis, Doctor.

He is about to kiss her when he sees:

348 SEMI-LONG SHOT (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

Lieutenant Cooley and Sergeant Gillespie entering the lobby with two other men in the uniform of New York State Police.

349 GROUP SHOT

CAMERA PANS the four policemen to Constance and J.B. at the fireplace.

J.B.
Hello --

Captain Hickson
(business-like, to Constance and J.B.)
You know Lieutenant Cooley and Sergeant Gillespie, from Rochester?

J.B.
Yes. Yes. We know them quite well.

Constance
How did you find us?

Cooley
No thanks to your friend, Dr. Brulov!

Gillespie (sarcastic)
We made a few inquiries at the railroad station -- you left a trail a mile wide.

Constance
Well, you arrived just in the nick of time, Lieutenant.

Cooley
I believe that's the usual expression.

There is a pause - Constance and J.B. puzzled by Cooley's tone. Then Captain Hickson turns to J.B.

Hickson
We've found the body of Dr. Edwardes - it's almost exactly where you told the local police it would be. You remembered the spot very well.

Constance
Well, thank goodness it's all cleared up.

Cooley (taking out a cigarette)
Well, not quite, Dr. Petersen.
(lights his cigarette, calmly)
I'm afraid a bullet was found in the body.

Constance
That's impossible!

Cooley
It was in his back.

Hickson (rather quietly)
The case is one of murder. We shall have to detain you, sir - and it's my duty to inform you that anything you say may be used against you.

350 CLOSEUP

Constance's stricken face.

LAP DISSOLVE:

351 CLOSE SHOTS

Series of large doors in a long corridor.

The one in the far background swings closed. (Reverse action from scene 112.)

DISSOLVE:

Four more doors close, dissolving one after the other, as if in the long corridor. Over each of these, Constance's voice is heard. Her voice in each is progressively more frantic and hopeless:

Constance's voice (urgently)
No, No! You mustn't say you killed him darling! Try to remember what happened before Edwardes went over.

(DOORS DISSOLVE)

Constance's voice (desperately)
But when he said he killed him, he wasn't himself! He was in a state of great mental distress.

(DOORS DISSOLVE)

Constance's voice (more frantic)
But you can't put him away! You <u>can't!</u> It'll destroy his mind! Don't you understand?

(DOORS DISSOLVE)

Constance's voice
Goodbye, my dear... We won't give up hope. I'm going to fight, and fight and get you free.

LAP DISSOLVE:

352 EXT. GREEN MANORS - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

LAP DISSOLVE:

353 INT. GREEN MANORS HALLWAY - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

We come upon the same scene that we saw in the beginning of the picture. We see a white-coated attendant going down the corridor away from us.

LAP DISSOLVE:

354 INT. CONSTANCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Constance is passing up and down the room in front of the moonlit window. A desk lamp throws a sharp light across onto the couch. Brulov is sitting there. CAMERA MOVES IN UNTIL they are both in MEDIUM SHOT. His voice is kind and fatherly as he speaks.

Brulov (softly)
My dear girl, you cannot keep bumping your head against reality and saying, "It isn't there". The evidence was definite. We can't remove it by wishing or crying.

Constance (quietly)
He trusted me - and I led him into a trap. I convicted him.
(she stares at Brulov)
Is that real enough for you?

Brulov
There is no one to blame. The case was a little deeper than you figured. This often happens. You must realize now one thing - it is over - for both of you.

Constance (grimly)
It's not over.

Brulov
You will have other cases..

Constance
It's not over. It never will be. Don't ask me to stop! I can't!
(she pauses, controls herself and smiles wearily at the old man)
I'm sorry. Thanks...for straightening things out with Dr. Murchison - and everyone.

Brulov rises and crosses to her and takes her hands. CAMERA MOVES IN UNTIL they are both in SEMI-CLOSEUP.

Brulov
It is very sad. To love -- and lose somebody. But in awhile you will forget. And you will take up the threads of your life where you left off - not so long ago. And you will work hard. There is lots of happiness in working hard. Maybe the most -
(he kisses her)
I will write to you.

Constance (softly)
Alex, you're very good. Thanks.

355 SEMI-CLOSEUP

The door of the room opens and Dr. Murchison appears.

Murchison
I'm sorry to hurry you, Dr. Brulov. But your car is waiting. You have just time.....

Brulov smiles at Murchison, and crosses to him, Constance following.

Brulov
Oh, thank you. I am always late. Always forgetting -

They exit into the corridor.

DISSOLVE:

356 CLOSEUP - INT. HALL

Constance watching Brulov depart through window.

357 EXTERIOR (FROM CONSTANCE'S VIEWPOINT)

Dr. Murchison is seeing Brulov into the car. They say good-bye, the car drives off and Murchison starts back into the house.

358 INT. HALL - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Murchison enters and joins Constance. They begin to walk along the hallway, camera with them.

Murchison
A brilliant man.

Constance (frowning)
I should have gone to the station with him.

Murchison
You are too tired. I know that feeling of exhaustion only too well. One must humor it - or it explodes. I shall try to help you - in every way.

They have stopped in front of her door. Murchison puts a detaining hand on her arm.

CONTINUED:

358 CONTINUED (2)

Murchison
You will take care of yourself?

Constance
Yes.

Murchison
And try to forget - things better forgotten? You have a great career ahead of you, Constance.

Constance
Thank you.
(smiles up at him gently)
Well, doctor, at least one good thing came out of all this - you're back at Green Manors. Who knows what might have happened to the place under Dr. Edwardes?

Murchison
I knew Edwardes only slightly. I never really liked him, but he was a good man in a way, I suppose.
(nods to her)
Well, good night, Constance. I hope you feel rested in the morning.

Murchison starts up the stairs. Constance turns and enters her room.

359 INT. CONSTANCE'S OFFICE NIGHT. MED. SHOT

Constance enters thoughtfully and closes the door behind her. As she stands with a troubled look on her face, CAMERA MOVES IN to a closer shot.

Then, very faintly, and distorted at first on the sound track, we hear a repetition of what Murchison has said in the hallway:

Murchison's Voice
I knew Edwardes only slightly ... I never liked him very well....
(the voice grows increasingly clearer and louder)
I knew Edwardes only slightly .... Knew Edwardes slightly... Knew Edwardes .... Knew Edwardes slightly ..... Knew Edwardes .....
(very loud and sharp)
Knew! .... KNEW!

Constance's face has grown alive and excited as the significance of the words hits her.

She turns back to the door, opens it slightly and looks up after Murchison.

360 LONG SHOT - HALL

With Constance's profile in the foreground seen through the partly open door, the ANGLE IS ON MURCHISON'S figure approaching the stair landing. An attendant is escorting a woman patient down from the upper floor. Murchison stops and speaks a few benevolent words to the patient. We cannot hear what he says. Then he passes up the stairs, out of sight.

361 INT CONSTANCE'S OFFICE

Constance closes her door again, crosses to the desk and picks up the notebook in which we have seen her take down the notes of J.B.'s treatments and the notes on his dream at Brulov's. She opens it and stares at it.

Then, full of determination she crosses to the door and goes into the corridor.

362 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Constance come out of the door and cross toward the stairs.

363 CLOSEUP

Constance's face as she begins to mount the stairs.

364 MEDIUM SHOT

THE CAMERA GOES UP the stairs, showing her viewpoint. Again our eyes become level with the upper floor and we see the light under Murchison's door. The same light that we saw when she went up to Edwardes' room.

365 INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

She reaches the top stair and crosses to Murchison's door. She rings the bell. A lock-buzzer answers. She opens the door and goes in.

366 INT. MURCHISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance comes into the room and hesitates in the doorway.

367 SEMI-LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint we see Murchison seated at his desk.

Murchison
Come in.

368 SEMI-CLOSEUP

Constance closes the door behind her and approaches his desk, THE CAMERA FOLLOWING.

Constance
I want to talk to you, Dr. Murchison.

Murchison (smiling)
It's rather late, and you need rest, Constance.

Constance
I must talk to you.

Murchison (softly)
Nocturnal conferences are bad for the nerves. Is it something about your work?

Constance
Yes.

She stands facing him.

Murchison (smiling)
Can't it wait till morning?

Constance
It can't wait.

He sighs and sits back. The light makes an eerie illumination for his face in the shadowed room. He gestures toward a chair beside the desk.

Murchison
Please sit down, Dr. Petersen.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as Constance sits down slowly, her eyes on him. Murchison smiles at her.

Murchison
Now. What's your problem?

Constance
It is a dream one of my patients reported.

Murchison
May I ask who the patient is?

Constance
The patient is Mr. Ballyntine.

CONTINUED

368 CONTINUED (2)

Murchison
I fancied that. And you're still working with the possibility of his innocence. Charming loyalty -- one of your most attractive characteristics, Constance. What did he dream?

Constance
He dreamed he was in a gambling house. It was full of odd people - playing with blank cards.

Murchison
Blank cards. Obviously the patient was trying to deny it was a gambling house - by dreaming of spurious cards.

Constance
One of the people in the place went around cutting the drapes in half. Another was a scantily dressed girl who was kissing everybody.

Murchison
With a little effort, one could almost imagine them inmates of Green Manors.

Constance
That's what I had in mind, Dr. Murchison.

Murchison
Interesting notion to play around with, isn't it? Do go on.

Constance
There were eyes painted on the curtains around the walls.

Murchison
Oh, the guards at Green Manors.

Constance
The patient was playing cards, now no longer blank, - a game of twenty-one with a bearded man - who was evidently Dr. Edwardes.

Murchison
Yes. One usually dreams of one's analyst as authority with a beard.

Constance
He dealt Dr. Edwardes a seven of clubs and Edwardes said, "That makes it twenty-one."

Murchison
I would say that the patient was trying to mention a locale. The seven of clubs might mean a club.

Constance
Yes. With the word 'twenty-one' in it. There is such a place in New York. It's called the "Twenty-One Club".

CONTINUED:

368 CONTINUED (3)

Murchison
I've heard of it.

Constance
The patient dreamt that the proprietor of the place came in and began accusing Dr. Edwardes of cheating. He ordered Edwardes out, and said, "I won't allow you to play here. This is my place. I'm going to fix you."

Murchison
The dream gives the locale a double identity - the Twenty-One Club and Green Manors. But the proprietor seems to belong more to the latter.
(he smiles at her)
In fact, I would say that this angry proprietor who threatened Dr. Edwardes was myself.

Constance
It seemed that way to me.

There is a pause.

Murchison
I presume you only arrived at this solution tonight.

Constance
Yes.

Murchison
And have confided your psychoanalytic findings - to nobody.

Constance
Not yet.

Murchison
Was there any more to the dream?

Constance
Yes. The patient dreamt he and Dr. Edwardes were on a high sloping roof - and that he saw Edwardes plunge over the edge to his death. He also saw the angry proprietor hiding behind a chimney - laughing - holding a small wheel in his hand. He dropped the wheel.

Murchison (frowning)
The symbolism of the small wheel escapes me.

Constance
It was a revolver. The proprietor who threatened Dr. Edwardes' life in the Twenty-One Club dropped a revolver in the snow - in Gabriel Valley - after shooting Dr. Edwardes in the back. The weapon is still there - at the foot of a tree. With the murderer's fingerprints on it.

369 CLOSEUP

Murchison's hand removes a gun from the drawer and levels it toward her. During this we hear his voice.

Murchison
I cannot agree with this part of your interpretation. For the good reason that the weapon is now in my hand. I imagined something of this sort would happen - after I made the slip tonight about knowing Dr. Edwardes. That started your agile young mind going.

370 SEMI-CLOSEUP - THE TWO
and
INDIVIDUAL CLOSE-UPS

Constance
You were having a breakdown, and in a state of panic you heard that Edwardes was to take your place here. You sought him out in his favorite restaurant where he was lunching with - John Ballyntine. You accused him of stealing your job. You threatened to kill him. He calmed you down - told you he was off on a skiing vacation. You followed him there - and shot him from behind a tree-

Murchison (coldly)
That's enough! Your story is ridiculous. You will make a fool of yourself - a love-smitten analyst playing a dream detective -

Constance
There will be no dreams for the police. They will find out from the waiters in the Twenty-One Club that you were there. You will be identified as the man who had a row with Dr. Edwardes. There will be people who saw you on the train to Gabriel Valley - who saw you there. There will be no dreams necessary - for this case.

Murchison (softly)
I see.
(he rubs his forehead vaguely)
Please sit where you are. You are an excellent analyst, Dr. Petersen. But a rather stupid woman.
(his voice hoarsens)
What did you think I would do - when you told me all this? Congratulate you? You forget - in your imbecilic devotion to your patient - that the punishment for two murders is the same as for one.

His face grows moist with perspiration. Constance remains motionless looking at him.

CONTINUED:

370 CONTINUED (2)

Constance
You are not going to commit a second murder, Dr. Murchison.

Murchison (hoarsely)
I hadn't planned to. But - you are here. You are not leaving.

He raises the gun a little higher and points it with more deliberation at her.

Constance does not look down at the gun, and continues quietly:

Constance
A man of your intelligence does not commit a stupid murder. You are thinking you were not mentally responsible for that other crime in the snow. They will find extenuating circumstances - in the state of your health. They will not execute you for the death of Dr. Edwardes. You can still live, read, write, research - even if you are put away.

She starts to rise, slowly.

371 ANOTHER ANGLE

Shooting over the desk at Constance as she rises. In the foreground is only Dr. Murchison's hand holding the revolver. The hand keeps the revolver trained on Constance as she walks very slowly across the room toward the door.

Constance continues to talk without pause, in a calm deadly voice, hiding her tension.

Constance
You are thinking that now, Dr. Murchison. If you shoot now, it is cold, deliberate murder.

She is facing Murchison now. She walks a little nearer the door, the revolver in Murchison's hand still following her.

Constance
You will be tried as a sane murderer. Convicted as a sane man. And killed in the electric chair for your crime.

Constance is now at the door. She pauses with her hand on the knob - the gun still leveled at her.

Constance
I am going out to telephone the police now, Dr. Murchison.

Slowly, deliberately, courageously, Constance turns her back to the gun in Murchison's hand, opens the door and passes out. The door closes behind her.

CONTINUED:

371 CONTINUED (2)

The gun in Murchison's hand remains silently aimed at the closed door for a moment. Then ever so slowly his hand turns round until the revolver is pointing directly into camera.

After a second's hesitation Murchison's finger presses the trigger and the screen is filled with the flash of the revolver's explosion.

FADE OUT:

- THE END -